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Strength for What End?

WE all know American citizens hate war as much as British, French, Russian or any other. But what almost everyone in Europe is asking is whether the American official machine is any longer geared to this desire for peace. This question seldom appears in newspapers or the speeches of politicians, but it is discussed wherever men talk freely. It has nothing to do with a pro-Soviet attitude; indeed, those who most fear being overrun by Russia may be just those who most dread the effect of American policy. After all, it was an official American spokesman who pointed the other day to the danger that the all-out mobilisation of American power might compel Russia to strike before the balance was too heavily weighted against her.

American policy, set out by Mr. Acheson a year ago, was to negotiate from "positions of strength." To commend this policy is the undoubted fact that negotiations with Russia, as with other great Powers, are more likely to succeed if they are offered by a strong country. The difficulty is that, while countries dare not negotiate when they are weak, they are apt not to think it worth while when they feel strong. To-day, it looks as if the Soviet Union is prepared to try negotiations before she enters seriously upon an armament race, while America is rapidly drifting to the point where "negotiation" does not imply genuine settlement, but a virtual capitulation by the Russians to dictated terms. The Americans are now arming on a scale which may make them forget that peace is the only object of arming; they have acquired, and are extending, military bases all round the world, and in their dealings with Spain, Germany and Japan are throwing to the four winds all considerations save those of strategic advantage. Anyone who suggests that strength without purpose leads to war or that it is folly to reject in advance every Soviet overture as a propagandist trap; anyone in Europe or Asia who, having suffered under German or Japanese occupation, holds that nothing could be so wicked as to rearm the Nazis or rebuild Japanese militarism—all alike are dismissed as pro-Soviet or faint-hearted or mere passengers on the gravy train of the American alliance.

A striking example of this state of mind can be found in the report of the Senators who have been visiting Europe. First, they insist that Europe is not doing enough for its own defence, and compare its supposedly lackadaisical efforts with the sacrifices that the U.S. is making for the common cause. Then, in a remarkable passage which was deleted the next day, they discussed the political and moral case for making an ally of Franco, reviewing, in their original statement, the objections that some European nations had offered to the American plan. This comment has now been removed, but the passage rehearsing the purely military advantages of Spain's inclusion remains—the stronger in its emphasis for the suppression of the political arguments against it.

A similar development is taking place in the Far East. The new Military Aid Bill, now before Congress, provides for a vast increase in military aid to Chiang Kai-shek, and thus for the continued retention of Formosa as a hinge of U.S. strategy in the Pacific. Are we to assume that the British case for a settlement with China is no longer taken seriously in the Pentagon? Again, we may ask, what attention is being paid to the views of the other United Nations on the course of the Korean negotiations?

A more decisive test, however, of American sentiment is offered by the sudden Soviet decision to attend the San Francisco meeting on the Japanese Treaty. The immediate reaction from the State Department is that this is yet another Soviet attempt to secure a propaganda platform to disrupt American plans, to divide the Western nations from each other, and to split Asia from Europe and the U.S. It may be. Or it may be the Soviet intention genuinely to offer a wider settlement in the Far East if the Japanese Treaty, as drafted, is drastically revised. We can only record the State Department's dismay. For the State Department knows that both Britain and France dislike the terms of Mr. Dulles's Treaty, and accepted them under duress. It knows, too, that it rejected out of hand the revisions suggested by Burma, India, the Philippines and Indonesia, and that, as the *Herald-Tribune* reported on Tuesday, "no fundamental changes have been made which could be expected to satisfy those Asian nations." A Soviet appeal for discussion and revision, if coupled with specific proposals for a wider Far East settlement, might have considerable effect on "those Asian nations" which are concerned about the revival of a militarist Japan, and it might also have some impact upon opinion in the West. That would follow if the U.S.S.R. offered constructive counter proposals, and is not content with a merely abusive negative.

Hence the dismay of the State Department. For America's dilemma is that its preoccupation with military strength is losing it the battle for men's minds. It cannot have it both ways. If it becomes the senior partner in a string of unsavoury and warlike "anti-Comintern"

alliances, and if the non-Communist world must choose between Communism and the armed revival of Germany, Japan and Franco Spain, this time under American leadership, an important part of it is likely to choose Communism. America's European associates are not in N.A.T.O. because they want to be on the winning side in a devastating war. They want to avert the war.

Slow Motion in Teheran

The final outcome of Mr. Stokes's negotiations in Teheran is still a matter for speculation. He has presented to the Persian Cabinet, apparently with Mr. Harriman's endorsement, a "plan," some of whose details have been released. The Cabinet's reaction at first was to ask for "clarifications." This at least is more hopeful than a flat rejection, and suggests that Mr. Moussadeq himself sees in the offer room for bargaining. On the other hand, if the reported rejection of the plan by Dr. Fatemi, the Deputy Prime Minister, is confirmed, it seems clear that the extreme Nationalists are not yet ready to compromise; and the introduction in the Majlis of a drastic Political Sabotage Bill, which provides heavy penalties for circulating rumours calculated to "damage" those charged with the execution of oil nationalisation, is a clear indication that the Prime Minister is apprehensive of trouble from Ayetallah Kashani and his turbulent followers.

The real question is how far the British plan makes reality of nationalisation, at least so far as production is concerned. If Mr. Stokes has suggested no more than that the whole of the assets of A.I.O.C. on land should be transferred —with agreed compensation—to the Persian State, and thereafter leased back *en bloc* to a new "mixed" company, public opinion in Persia is likely to regard the proposed set-up as not very different from the proposals made by the A.I.O.C. last June, and as a very considerable departure from the intentions of the Nationalisation Law. It would be a Pyrrhic victory to extort from Dr. Moussadeq acceptance of a scheme which aroused the bitter antagonism of the Persian Nationalists. We adhere to the view that, for reasons both of political advantage and commercial expediency, the best course would have been to aim at a scheme under which transport and marketing became the business solely of a British concessionaire company, while production was in the hands of a purely Persian State concern—aided, we should hope, by British technicians in Persian employ. If there is a case for a "mixed" company, it is in the sphere of refining.

The New French Government

Having secured a preliminary vote of approval by the ample margin of 390 to 222, M. Pleven will face the French Assembly on Monday with a Cabinet of no fewer than 36 Ministers—thirteen Radicals, thirteen Conservatives, and ten Popular Republicans. With M. René Mayer as Minister of Finance, and with the Ministries of the Interior, Commerce, and Education in their hands, the Radicals dominate the new administration, which stands far to the Right of any Government formed in France since 1945. The Socialists, it appears, are adopting the line of "support without participation"; but it remains to be seen how long this benevolent neutrality will last. M. Pleven has promised to tackle inflation, to "strengthen the French economy" by a further instalment of Monnet planning and to reform the tax structure. It seems doubtful whether he can carry the Radical party happily with him in such a programme; and the first business which the Assembly will debate is the schools question, the chief stumbling block in the recent abortive efforts to form a Coalition Government. There is scope here for immediate differences between the Radicals and the M.R.P. members of M. Pleven's team; but the real crux is likely to come when the Assembly, which is to adjourn from September 1 to October 23, meets in the autumn for the main business of solving the problem of soaring prices and inadequate wages.

Steel Prices Up

The long-expected announcement by the Ministry of Supply of substantial increases in the price of iron and steel products will have wide repercussions on the whole engineering industry. Apart from certain minor adjustments earlier this year, specifically to meet increased charges for coke and non-ferrous metals, there has been no change since the Spring of 1949; and then the increases were much smaller than the present ones. The new prices are fully justified, mainly by increased costs of labour, material and transport. The Cabinet is to be congratulated on revising the original Ministry of Supply plan, which is believed to have allowed an element for capital charges based on the pre-nationalisation company structure of the industry. The increases now announced take account of the savings in this field secured by nationalisation and are, therefore, less than could have been expected had the industry remained in private ownership. Apart from increases in the direct operating costs of the industry, the high price of imported finished steel accounts for about 20 per cent. of the new increases. The difference between the market prices of these imports and the home-controlled price of steel has hitherto been borne by the Exchequer. Now it is to be passed on to the consumer, the extra cost being spread over home-controlled prices.

The new prices will certainly add to the rising cost of living, but perhaps not so much as might be feared. The more efficient sections of the engineering industry should not find it impossible to absorb some of the extra cost by improved production methods; and there is much to be said, in any case, for a level of prices which gives some incentive to create the highest possible conversion value on every ton of steel used. British steel prices will still compare very favourably with those of most overseas competitors; and the new prices should not present any major obstacle to efficient engineering exporters.

Germany Gets Tough

The resignation of Herr Blücher, the West German Vice-Chancellor, from his job as leader of the German delegation to the International Ruhr Authority, is evidently a sign that the Bonn Government is preparing to stiffen its terms for making the contribution which the United States is demanding of it to West European Defence. The occasion of Dr. Blücher's protest was the six-to-one vote in the Authority that Germany's export quota of coal for October-December should be fixed at 6.2 million tons. This, the German delegation argued, would involve severer domestic rationing and would be incompatible with the increased steel output needed for rearmament.

More serious still from the British standpoint is the new, and greatly reduced, offer by Germany of steel scrap for export. The Germans now propose that, out of the first 400 thousand tons collected each month, Germany should have prior claim to 350 thousand tons, and that 60 per cent. of the balance of 50 thousand tons should go to Britain and the U.S. If these terms are accepted, and the U.S. demands (as seems to be the case) the lion's share of the small resulting export quota, the scrap outlook for British steel makers will be bleak.

The Indian Struggle

By resigning from the Working Committee of Congress, Pandit Nehru has brought to the point of decision the underlying struggle for power in India. While Mr. Tandon, the President of Congress, stands for a traditional, nationalistic and Hindu concept of India in which abysmal poverty is of less importance than the religious obligation to despise Muslims and not to wear leather shoes, Mr. Nehru typifies the outlook of a modern India, democratic in aspiration, tolerant to minorities and economically progressive. The Prime Minister has strong cards in his hand because the loss of his personal leadership would be fatal to the prospects of Congress in the coming elections. The deadlock is unsolved; it seems still possible that Mr. Tandon may give up his right to control the Congress machine and allow Mr. Nehru to assume leadership of the Party. Mr. Nehru's position is especially powerful to-day because public opinion so strongly supports his attitude to Pakistan. The truth is that Pakistan's occupation and control of the mountain areas of Kashmir is not, in fact, disputed by Mr. Nehru, though he must hold, legally, that the whole of Kashmir is acceded to India. Pakistan, on its side, knows that Jammu is now part of India and that Sheikh Abdullah's administrative, constitutional and economic reforms are making him every day more popular in the Valley and rendering India's control of it less assailable. Thus an unacknowledged partition is in fact taking place. India will not start war, and it is to be hoped that Liaquat Ali Khan will not commit the folly of again permitting the tribesmen or the more fanatical of his followers to invade the Valley.

Truman *versus* MaCarthy

The renewal of Senator MaCarthy's attacks on the Administration, and especially the State Department, has provoked President Truman into a blistering denunciation of the "slandermongers, scaremongers and hate-mongers" who are "undermining Americanism" by systematic "character assassination." The President's speech, moreover, goes a long way

to confirm the assertions that anti-Communism has created an atmosphere of hysteria in the United States, though it has so far been the practice to denounce such assertions as exaggerated examples of "anti-Americanism." Mr. Truman rightly pointed out that the super-patriots, who have been creating "fear and suspicion among us by the use of slander, unproved accusations and lies" are "trying to get us so hysterical that no one will stand up to them for fear of being called a Communist. Many people are growing frightened, and frightened people don't talk. . . . When even one American, who has done nothing wrong, is forced by fear to shut his mind and close his mouth, then all Americans are in peril."

This indictment, coming not from Great Turnstile but from the White House, should shame many who have been camouflaging their liberal past by cowardly silence or even by joining in the crusade against all "un-Americans," at home and abroad. The President has always tried to distinguish between genuine security measures and witch-hunts, and we hope that this speech is a sign that he has at last decided to fight back. A test case will be that of Professor Lattimore, again the target of character assassination by ex-Communists, reactionary Senators and the sensational press.

Conditions in the Mines

The question whether coal output can be raised in the coming months, and the renewed disquieting downward trend in the labour force reversed, depends largely on the extent to which the new team in the National Coal Board succeed in convincing the miners that they are to get a square deal. At the British Association, several speakers expressed fears lest mechanisation in the pits and the attendant increase in dust were worsening the incidence of pneumoconiosis—a factor to which attention has repeatedly been called in these columns. Speaking on behalf of the N.C.B., one of the new members agreed that this disease was the main cause in loss of manpower, and that, unless more were done to check it, it would "bring the industry to a standstill." This welcome frankness betokens, we hope, a more vigorous determination on the N.C.B.'s part to deal with the dust menace. It is not an easy problem; but the solution would do much more to secure a better rate of recruitment for the mines than efforts to import and train expensively raw Italian labour, whose introduction the Yorkshire miners are opposing—on the grounds, it seems, not so much of insular prejudice, as of objection to having to teach men who drift away from the pits as soon as opportunity affords.

Apart, however, from more healthy working conditions, the Coal Board will clearly have to think again about pensions and sickness benefit. Strong dissatisfaction was expressed this week by the Scottish N.U.M. at the inadequacy of the suggested payment of 10s. a week on retirement, or 25s. a week after forty years in the pits. The miners complain that the contribution which the N.C.B. is proposing to make towards this scheme represents little more than the saving which is resulting from the refusal to grant the men the second week's holiday on pay for which they had hoped.

Short Lesson for Socialists

EVER since the fuel crisis of February, 1947, broke over the unsuspecting head of Mr. Shinwell, successive Ministers of Fuel and Power have devoted the summer months to the psychological preparation of the British public for the discomforts of the coming winter. Mr. Noel Baker therefore is only conforming with tradition in issuing his White Paper and setting up a committee to inquire into a subject on which all the facts are already known. This year, indeed, he has an added reason for his calculated pessimism. Rearmament, which up to now has consisted chiefly in tooling up, should be getting under way just nicely by next February, when the fuel crisis reaches its annual zenith.

How well by now we know the Ministerial technique for making us accept the fuel crisis along with the weather as an inevitable and Spartan adjunct of the British way of life! First, we are given the advice to store up coal during the summer months—advice which a majority of housewives for obvious reasons are unable to follow. This year, even those with coal cellars have not been able to follow it because there has been little coal. Next comes the annual announcement of double shifts and staggered hours from November to April in order to spread the industrial load and prevent shedding for the housewife and a close-down for industry. Then comes the appeal that each of us should loyally display personal economy by switching off the light in the hall and saving on the wireless—a virtue which is entirely its own reward since the power economy achieved is completely negligible. Finally, the Minister brings us to the robust conclusion that there needn't be any crisis at all if only we would spread the load evenly over the twenty-four hours, which means presumably that he would like one half of the population to have its main meal at 3 a.m.

The infuriating feature of these appeals and campaigns is that the argument on which they are based completely evades the two main causes of the fuel crisis. Granted full employment—and it looks as though, until the next war, rearmament will make sure of that—it is mathematically certain under the Government's present plans that the fuel crisis will grow worse year by year—unless, of course, we are prepared to make the import of American coal a permanent feature of our economy, and rely in perpetuity on John L. Lewis Aid. There is no chance whatsoever that increased coal and electricity production in this country can keep pace with the rapidly increasing industrial and domestic demands.

The need therefore is for carefully planned fuel economy—not the petty personal self-denial of the individual citizen, but a national plan for conserving our resources and using them to the best advantage. If such a plan had been accepted in 1945, it is agreed among all the Government's scientific advisers that, even despite rearmament, we should have no fuel crisis this winter. Part of such a plan would be designed to impose fuel economies (and incidentally smoke abatement) on industry; and here it is obvious that nothing will be achieved until the Government makes the rate of profit depend on fuel economy. But it is in the domestic heating, which absorbs 60m. tons of coal a year directly and indirectly, that the speediest economies could be made. So far, however, the Government, instead of stimulating economy, has encouraged waste.

Consider first the open grate. Britain is the only country in the world which retains this method of domestic heating. It is dirty, and gives the housewife hours of unnecessary labour; it is expensive, now that miners are decently paid; and it completely wastes 80 per cent. of the heat in the coal. Of our 700,000 miners, about 100,000 spend their lives in enabling us to preserve this dirty habit.

No one suggests that the Government should abolish the open grate by an Act of Parliament. But, in five years, Mr. Attlee and his colleagues could have done something to encourage a shift to central heating, gas, and above all to enclosed stoves—the three most efficient methods of space heating. They could, for instance, have forbidden the installation of open grates in new houses. They could even, as Professor Simon suggests in his admirable little book (*Neglect of Science*, by F. E. Simon. *Blackwell*. 8s. 6d.), have offered to provide a mass-produced closed stove (with doors that open to provide an open fire) to each householder willing to have his grate put on the scrap heap. If even half the householders had complied, we should now be saving 15m tons of coal annually.

The British housewife who is persuaded to give up the open fire usually changes to electricity. This form of space heating is just as wasteful. If 80 per cent. of the heat of a coal fire goes up the chimney, 80 per cent. of each ton of coal burnt in the generating stations is equally wasted. Only 20 per cent. is transmitted as heat to our electric stoves and cookers, compared with 40 per cent. in the most inefficient type of closed stove and over 50 per cent. for gas and central heating. Electricity has every possible merit for lighting and for powering wireless and television. For cooking and heating it is clean, modish—and fantastically extravagant.

All these facts were known in 1945. Yet one of the Government's first actions was to encourage munitions factories to switch to the production of electric appliances, and to permit them, until lately, to be sold free of Purchase Tax. Worse, the tariffs of the nationalised electricity concern are still designed to encourage householders to change from gas to electricity. Under any sane plan of fuel economy we should be permitted to purchase the small amount of electricity necessary for lighting at an extremely cheap rate, whereas if we wanted to heat and cook by electricity we should be made to pay through the nose. Actually, we pay a very great deal for electricity if we use a little, and so we are encouraged to save money by installing an immersion heater.

One of the chief justifications for nationalisation was that it would enable us to integrate our basic industries and so make them serve the community instead of private profit. In the case of gas and electricity, the Labour Government's policy has had precisely the

opposite effect. Nationalised Gas and Nationalised Electricity have been established as two vast State concerns in healthy rivalry. On the edict of a Labour Government, Nationalised Gas seeks to persuade us against all reason to light our houses by gas; and Nationalised Electricity retorts by sending a large staff round persuading us that "the all-electric" house should be the ideal of every English housewife.

This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the attempt to show that Socialism can be as businesslike as competitive private enterprise. As the result of leaning over backwards in deference to the profit motive, the Government has created an almost incurable fuel crisis.

Dirty Food

FOUR Continental visitors recently complained in a letter to a London newspaper that this was the dirtiest country in Europe. We may, perhaps, think this an unkind overstatement. But I find no easy answer to foreign visitors who tell me that our food is not only uncommonly bad, but commonly dirty. I can only mumble a shamed apology for the filthy conditions and habits that we accept so easily in our shops and restaurants, if not in our homes. Old buildings and equipment, the aftermath of bombing, post-war shortages, are all obvious excuses. But why then, the visitor asks, is so much perishable food unwrapped, exposed to dirt and handling, why no covers over fish and meat, why swarms of flies at the fishmonger's and the butcher's? And why, when everything is new, as at the South Bank and Battersea, should one still see dirty hands and fingernails, greasy aprons, mucky counters, cutlery dropped on the floor and placed straight on plates of food? Recently I even saw a waitress wipe her nose with her finger and then, with an instinctive gesture, clean the finger on her overall. Consumers and caterers alike are too complacent. In a dozen typical restaurants where I have recently eaten in a central London area, I found only one where some of the elementary rules of hygiene were not neglected; and my own impression is that some provincial centres are worse offenders than London.

It is true that dirty food is more often æsthetically offensive than unhygienic. Yet, in the face of the widespread ignorance or disregard of hygienic precautions, it is surprising that so few of us are poisoned. Last year, in England and Wales, there were seven thousand cases of food poisoning, about seventy of them fatal. This year, the annual rate is much the same, with the summer average running at two hundred cases a week. To these official figures must be added many cases where the symptoms are slight, and the victim does not call in a doctor, or where diagnosis is not definite enough to warrant a report to the Ministry of Health. The enteric disorders apart, such reports have been made only in recent years, and so no accurate comparison can be made with pre-war years. But I have seen estimates which suggest that food poisoning is now five to seven times as common as it was before 1938. And it is not hard to discover reasons for this. The war brought, and has left as a legacy, a great increase of communal feeding; rationing has meant increased dependence upon "made-up" foods, such as pies, sausages, and dishes in which dried egg has been used; and the need to make rations go round has meant that "left-overs" are more likely to be used after storage in conditions which invite contamination.

There are now some 236,000 catering establishments, apart from public houses and small boarding houses which operate without special allocations from the Ministry of Food. These serve more than 100 million "substantial" meals a week, about 170 million light snacks, and more than 300 million hot drinks, mainly cups of tea. These figures, moreover, take no account of the vast quantities of food prepared for retail sale and home consumption, nor of ice cream sales, both highly susceptible to infection. If, when contrasted to the *comparatively* few notified cases of food poisoning, these totals evoke the comment that the incidence of infection is low, the answer is, first, that the situation is serious enough to have warranted a special inquiry by the Catering Trade Working Party, and, secondly, that good luck is no excuse for slovenliness.

Popular ignorance of hygiene is at the root of the matter. We all know when food has "turned" or "gone off," and the press helps to keep alive the myth of the mysterious "ptomaine." But the dangerous germs are not visible or widely known. The two most common pathogenic types are the salmonellæ and the staphylococcus. The first is found in rodent droppings and human excreta, and its persistence explains why thorough washing of the hands after use of the toilet is essential. The second is present in the nose, in boils, pimples and open cuts. Heat and cooking may eliminate the first, but it will not always destroy the toxins produced by staphylococci. Both survive and germinate in warm damp conditions—"put-by" and "warmed-up" meals are especially liable to infection—and thrive in chipped crockery, unsterilised utensils, wet foods (trifles, stews, soups, synthetic cream), protein foods (meat, fish and dried egg) and made-up foods (pies, sausage rolls, pressed meats, ice cream). Infection may come from direct handling in manufacturers, in cafés and in shops, by enteric carriers or careless servers, or from previously contaminated utensils, while the fly is a common source of infection of food that is improperly covered or stored, especially where sanitation is poor.

These sources of infection all exist in food shops, communal restaurants and cafés. Take the Standard Code drafted by the Working Party into almost any popular restaurant, especially one with a large turnover, and then item by item contrast its minimum provisions against the actual conditions. How much does the staff know about possible sources of infection, and what are its personal standards of cleanliness? Are the cleansing, lighting, washing and toilet facilities adequate? Are utensils properly cleaned and sterilised? And is food on display protected, and surplus food suitably stored? The answers, I suspect, would too often destroy the appetite. Then to go on to compare reality with the Target Code would offer a contrast quite as sharp as that between the gas stove and sink on a tenement landing and the electric showroom's Kitchen of Tomorrow.

There are, of course, very many caterers and retailers whose standards are admirable, and there are districts where co-operation between an energetic Health Officer and the trade has produced striking improvements. Clean Food Guilds, sponsored by local authorities, have sometimes proved a great success, both in hygiene education and in bringing backward firms up to a basic standard. There is ample evidence that such campaigns make a real difference. Take, as an example, the work of Dr. Stott—an enthusiastic crusader for hygiene—in the Cuckfield Rural District. Last year, he organised an excellent and fascinating Food Hygiene Exhibition, which in the course of a week was visited by 4,000 people out of a total population of 16,000. In 1949, a typical year, he and the sanitary staff of the Council carried out 120 inspections of public houses, and secured 65 alterations in drainage, 12 improvements in toilets, and a number of lesser changes, such as provision of sinks with hot and cold water for washing glasses. A further 150 visits were made to catering establishments, varying from roadside kiosks to hotels. In 46 cases, changes were made as a result.

But campaigns of this kind can only succeed if the public is prepared to insist on hygiene. A hundred customers may, through ignorance or indifference, pass over a violation; one protest is usually enough to remedy it. For powers exist under the Food and Drugs Act of 1938, enabling local Health Officers to act when complaints are made. Some offences may lead to prosecution, others to effective improvements. Though few people know what constitutes an offence under Section Nine and Section Thirteen of the Act, there are certain simple things for which they can watch, and on which it is little trouble to report. The first is cleanliness on the part of employees. Clean hands are no use if clothes are dirty; clean counters are useless if food is not covered or stored under refrigeration; washing-up is a formality if the water is not fresh and hot and the cloths freed from infection by washing in a germicidal detergent. Dirty toilets and inadequate facilities for hand-washing should also be reported. The single towel should be replaced by the automatic continuous type, or by paper substitutes. Proper structural conditions and refuse disposal are a fourth requirement. Elimination of flies and insects a fifth. It is not long since a Soho restaurant served me a plate with small yellow insects on it, and, when I complained, the waiter took much the same attitude as his counterpart did to the mouse at Crewe;

> . . . Don't shout,
> And wave it about!
> Or the rest will be wanting one too.

A Holborn publican, when I protested about fungus in a steak pie, solemnly excused himself by saying that if I had been poisoned, so had fifty other customers, and asked me "not to make a scene, as this is a gentleman's public house."

The truth of the matter is that we are afraid of making scenes. The law is fairly adequate, (though there is a case, made by some members of the Working Party, for compulsory registration of all catering establishments) and the Health Officers for the most part are eager to enforce the statutes and, where they have been adopted, the model by-laws drawn up by the Ministry of Food. But they cannot succeed while the public docilely takes salmonellæ with

its sausage and staphylococci with its soup. Indeed, the public's indifference or dirty habits breed similar attitudes among the caterers who serve them. Yet if fifty thousand people in this country will pluck up their courage and make a public protest or a complaint to the manager wherever they find dirt, filthy habits or inadequate facilities, we shall soon be making progress towards the day when we can take a Scandinavian friend into a restaurant without shame.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

EYE-WITNESSES' letters from Austria suggest that in writing last week about the folly of stopping British delegates from reaching the Berlin Youth Festival I under-estimated the seriousness of what was happening. Mr. Julian Bartlett's letter, published this week, is one of several I have seen giving detailed, factual evidence of brutality by the American military authorities. This letter was in fact signed by twelve British students, who identify themselves and their Universities and each of whom has fully endorsed all its contents. Two further letters, one from a delegate with another party and one from an English holiday-maker at Innsbrück, support many of the charges. It is, of course, impossible to be quite sure on the evidence yet available where the whole of the truth lies; but these letters have the ring of authenticity and the freshness of first-hand reporting. The incident, for instance, of the youth who was seriously injured by a blow from the butt of an American carbine is attested in all three letters, as well as by a signed declaration from the boy himself. All the accounts agree about the lack of any attempt to provide any sanitary arrangements; they suggest that the American guards found it great fun to watch the embarrassment of girls denied privacy for many hours together.

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The incident is the more outrageous because there is no serious suggestion that these boys and girls were in any way breaking the law. The attempt of the American authorities to fault them by the sudden resuscitation of the "Grey Card"—a travel permit long obsolete in the Western Zones and on this occasion waived by the Russians—was a ludicrous attempt to provide some legal cover for a monstrous infringement of liberty. In fact the whole episode, which would not have been out of place under Hitler, is an alarming confirmation of the view that the American brand of democracy is in many ways unsuitable for export to those parts of the world which have grown accustomed to a more old-fashioned, but more durable, product. In what way it was all supposed to assist the cause of the Western allies I have yet to discover. Most of the delegates reached Berlin in the end, crowned with the haloes of martyrdom and bearing a deep grudge against the Americans. The results have probably been to ensure the success of the Youth Festival, to recruit a number of badly needed new members for the Communist Party of Great Britain and to prolong the membership of some of those others who, in the natural course of events, would otherwise have drifted out. If Mr. Morrison finds that the facts are as I believe them to be, he will be expected by all decent people to make the most vigorous public protest to Washington.

* * *

Another good thing comes to an end when the Bureau of Current Affairs closes in September. ABCA had done a brilliant job during the war; it was an excellent idea to cut the Army from its title and continue its work into the post-war period. Financial aid from the Carnegie Trust made this possible. In the past five years, under the direction of W. E. Williams and Boris Ford, the Bureau has published reliable and stimulating pamphlets on about 140 subjects, and the total circulation of its pamphlets and map reviews reached nearly six million. Though the war-time enthusiasm for adult education tapered off, the Bureau provided technical help for many discussion groups, and, recently, shifted its emphasis to the schools. The Bureau was never a propaganda centre, but its insistence upon open and informed controversy was the right corrective to the present rush towards conformity. One recalls the attacks upon it by the Duchess of Atholl and Lord Vansittart, first because it was supposed to be pro-Soviet, and when this charge failed, because it was not anti-Soviet enough. The men who ran the Bureau were courageous enough to prefer honesty to intimidation, and it is deplorable that they cannot go on. It was hoped that when the Carnegie money ran out a publisher would help sponsor the Bureau. An arrangement was almost concluded with the *News Chronicle*. This has now fallen through, too late to find an alternative. If the *Chronicle* proposes to push ahead with its own pamphlets, I hope it will live up to the standards set, first by ABCA, and, latterly, by the Bureau, whose work is on show at a farewell exhibition at 117 Piccadilly.

* * *

I am sorry but not surprised that M. Beuve-Méry has been pushed out of his controlling position in *Le Monde*. Official France, and even more important, official America as represented in France, have long been angry with M. Beuve-Méry because he created a powerful paper whose "neutralist" policy obviously represented that large part of French opinion which it would suit them to pretend did not exist. Some months ago, when I met M. Beuve-Méry in Paris, I learnt that he already had to fight hard to maintain his position. The attempt to make a compromise, leaving the foreign policy of the journal in the hands of a committee, obviously could not succeed, and now M. Beuve-Méry is out. He is a tough, sincere, and experienced man; no pacifist, but a realist who knows that present State Department policy will ruin France.

* * *

I hope that two Ministers will make it their business to look at the new issue of the *Political Quarterly*. The Minister of Labour should be less concerned with the entertaining story of how money was extracted from G.B.S. to print the P.Q. than with a useful analysis of the post-war dock strikes, in which Kenneth Knowles explodes a great many of the myths that the popular press has fostered about these strikes. It is simply not good enough, as Mr. Knowles shows, to attribute these disputes to Communist intrigues. Their causes are much deeper and more complex; and, if a few journalists and M.P.s would study this article before the next strike, we might hear less nonsense talked. And I hope the Minister of Town Planning and Local Government will take note of Mr. Richard's plea that the New Towns should be given proper status as local authorities. In the case of Crawley, where I have personal knowledge, immense muddle and delay will be caused unless the town is made a municipal unit. A New Town should not have a county boundary running down the middle of its main street.

* * *

I cannot agree with those who say that you ought to go to *The Biggest Thief in Town* at the Duchess Theatre because its author, Dalton Trumbo, is one of the Hollywood Ten who refused to testify before the Un-American Activities Committee and is now paying for his courage by serving a prison sentence. Fortunately, there is another reason for going to his play. It is extremely funny and excellently acted; I'd go to it if it were by Senator MaCarthy. Why the critics should laugh only on one side of their mouths and pretend to be shocked on the other I really don't know.

* * *

London, like most capital—but few provincial—cities, is most willing to bare its secrets in the middle of the night. Road cleaners, transport workers, printers, policemen and waiters are among those who enjoy, at least periodically, the solitary prestige of guarding and operating the mechanism of metropolitan civilisation during the night watches. Most are glad to stop for a chat—partly, I suppose, for sheer lack of company, partly from a certain boyish sense of distinction, even elation, which never wholly deserts those who can find an irreproachable excuse for not going to bed at the proper time. A pleasant encounter the other night was with the booking clerk of a tube station who closed his office and accompanied me on the last train. I have always thought of booking clerks as remote, harsh men, whose stony eye induces me to fumble clumsily for my change and compels a sense of unreasoning guilt only just less than a Customs officer. But this one was a cheerful, human soul with a real appreciation of the merits and defects of London transport and an infinite patience in answering my childish questions. I couldn't resist asking him about his experiences with bilkers and the methods used to confound them. I was intrigued to find that most of the "regulars" are well known to London Transport officials, very few of them really hard up and many unbalanced rather than dishonest. Those who habitually use his particular station are regarded with something approaching affection, almost as mascots; and he invited me to believe that it was with some real personal regret that the railway police periodically do their duty and take them off to court. I like particularly his story of the man who years ago had some new clothing soiled with railway oil. After argument the company had refused to meet his demand for compensation. Since then he has regularly used all his ingenuity to travel

free in an effort to square the account. His particular form of torment is that he can never succeed. Each time he comes near to balancing his book he is taken to court and fined; so back he goes to start all over again.

* * *

There should be a limit to cant. On Monday night the *Evening Standard* explained that many people were "shocked" by Mr. Attlee's genial reply to a question about the date of the General Election, "You must ask God that." The *Evening Standard* went on:

> This is not the kind of talk one expects from a Prime Minister. Mr. Attlee spoke the offensive sentence with a smile. It would be far better if he had not spoken it at all.

O G*d, O Montreal! Or, if one may say, in the decent obscurity of the French tongue, *Sacré Nom!*

CRITIC

PERSICOS ODI

Boy, I am sick of Persian oil,
The news is a perpetual pain:
With Suez simmering at the boil
The times are out of joint again
(to quote the melancholy Dane).
Suspicion on suspicion feeds—
It will not help me to complain,
The garden is a mass of weeds.

News from Berlin can never spoil
The scent of hay and summer rain
Nor Bechuanaland embroil
The cool shade of a crooked lane . . .
Korea batters on my brain—
I don't know where the bickering leads;
Kashmir is in the news—in vain:
The garden is a mass of weeds.

If deadlocked diplomats who toil
Would only for a while refrain
And sweat together on the soil,
Some sanity they might regain
Talking of cabbages and grain
Of human work and human needs
And they would see that, in the main,
The garden is a mass of weeds.

ENVOI
Princes and Comrades, please restrain
Your zeal for formulae and creeds
Is not our common purpose plain?
The garden is a mass of weeds.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Continental hotel labels from Europe; best hotels suitable stick on suitcases.—Advt. in *London Weekly Advertiser*. (R. Lancaster.)

Former casual ward for tramps at St. Albans is now known as a reception centre for persons without a settled way of life.—*Daily Mail*. (L. Yates.)

£10 reward for information leading to discovery of unique photograph depicting two naked Tibetan lamas standing motionless among snow-covered mountains.—Advt. in *World's Press News*. (Harry Wilson.)

A Southmead man, found with a screwdriver and a pair of wirecutters in Canford Park at night, was said to have told the police he used them to adjust his artificial leg.—*Bristol Evening Post*. (L. Leschke.)

Mr. Sid Colcough, an official, said yesterday: "We do not regard marbles as a kid's game. We find it creates a fine sporting atmosphere and brings out the best in a man."—*News Chronicle*. (G. L. Treble.)

The Youngest Republic

INDONESIANS, hoisting their red and white flag in Djakarta this week, will be celebrating their sixth birthday. Nominally their sixth; but in fact they have not been masters of their own house continuously during the last six years except in part of North Sumatra. They did not, as they hoped, end Dutch rule in 1945 when they ended Japanese occupation. Twice—in July 1947 and in December, 1948—the Dutch tried by military means to regain their control, and it was not until December 31, 1949, that sovereignty was "unconditionally and irrevocably" transferred to the independent Indonesian State. The Round Table Agreement at that time was a compromise; to the Indonesians it meant that they were economically, financially and militarily still part of the Dutch system, with West Irian a strategic Trojan Horse within their own boundaries. To the Dutch it meant the withdrawal from an empire they could no longer hold.

When we realise that the Indonesians have in fact had less than two years of self-rule it is easy to understand why their political life is so amorphous, their administration so patchy and their part in world affairs still so small in comparison with their population, their resources and the vast areas of their territory. These youthful defects hit in the eye the visitor to Djakarta, where there are too many officials, too many cars and too many Dutch. Yet this is almost the only face which Indonesia shows to the world; foreigners usually stay in Djakarta in Dutch hotels, enjoy the amenities of the Harmonie (a Dutch club), spend a week-end in the luxury hotels (Dutch) in Bandung or in the KPM hotels in Bali. They hear the constant propaganda aimed at denigrating Indonesia, whilst the ineffective, often amateurish methods of publicity on the part of Indonesian officials plays into the hands of those Dutchmen (by no means all the Dutch are like this) who still dream of the good old days when charming servants were cheap, plentiful and obedient, food was abundant, and a constant stream of guilders flowed back into the home country.

It is from the same sources that one hears all these exaggerated stories of murder, robbery and violence in Indonesia, and of outrages against anyone with a white skin. I proved the absurd untruth of the last remark personally in a recent visit to the country which took me, usually unaccompanied, to Sumatra, Java, Bali, Borneo and Celebes. I found nothing but extreme friendliness, to which was added the happy excitement of men, women and students suddenly offered an unexpected opportunity of trying out their knowledge of English, often self-taught. Lawlessness there has of course been; murders, sometimes of Europeans, robbery and violence. It has in fact been centred largely in those areas where Dutch and KNIL troops were stationed in accordance with the terms of the Round Table Conference Agreement. The Indonesians will now at least have the one great advantage that the last Dutch troops left the country two months ago and with their departure goes one of the most difficult problems the Government has had to solve.

I came to the conclusion after many talks with people, official and unofficial, Indonesian and Dutch, in the army and in the police, in Djakarta and in most of the areas involved, that lawlessness must be divided into four types. First, and most important, were the rebellions led by Westerling in South Celebes and West Java and by Soumokil in Makassar and Amboina. Many deserters from the Dutch army who co-operated with Westerling in West Java are still at large, well-armed and a focus for discontented or gangster elements. Army units under Dutch command assisted Soumokil, also still at large. Secondly there are the fanatical Muslim groups in West Java—the Darul-Islam, some of whom co-operated with Westerling and who are well armed, mainly with Dutch materials. They raid villages and loot and sometimes murder, and the Government has too long postponed an organised campaign against them. Thirdly, and mainly confined to East Java and East Borneo, there are groups with a political background and motive; in East Java, where many thousands were arrested in a combined army and police campaign, they are the aftermath of the Communists' rebellion in 1948, whilst in East Borneo there is opposition to the Dutch oil monopoly.

Mixed with these groups as well as operating separately in roving bands there are often gangster types—young men who have never settled down to a normal life after their guerilla days against the Japanese and, later, against the Dutch military "actions" of 1947 and 1948, and then of course the criminal type which exists in every country. Dutch agents find them useful; in the recent arrests in East Java three Dutch intelligence agents were found directing bandit gangs. If the Government carries out its intended campaign in West Java, they will probably find others who are willing to be used to stir up trouble in the Republic. In any case, it must be said that Dutch propaganda, both in Indonesia and in Holland, has done a great disservice to both countries and to their relations with each other by exaggerating this problem of lawlessness and disorder.

The uncrystallised quality of Indonesian political life creates another type of problem. I happened to be in and out of Djakarta during the five weeks when Cabinet *formateurs* tried to persuade this and that group of politicians to make a Cabinet. What, I often asked, are the differences between groups? The Masjumi is the largest and the most widely organised; but its appeal is fundamentally religious and it has no clearly defined social programme, although there are able, progressive men on the Left who are near to the Socialists in outlook. The PNI (Partai Nasional Indonesia) has the advantage of including President Soekarno among its leaders, but it lives on the capital of its past nationalist struggle and it has no real programme for the future. Then come half a dozen small parties which have little *raison d'être* except that it gives them a claim to a seat in the Government. The Communist Party is more effective in the trade unions than in the political life of the country. The Socialist Party, led by Sjahrir, has a group of able people in Parliament, though it chose not to be represented in the Government. It has in its ranks many of the most capable young men and women in the country, often in the civil service, and if its leaders face responsibilities as energetically as they calculate tactics, they may yet prove a decisive influence in Indonesian politics. Unless and until there is a General Election, politics will remain a matter of personal manoeuvre rather than of party programmes, whilst the uncertainties of a Government which it not fully responsible to the people are often reflected in uncertainties in administration. The result is that a great deal of first-class ability in Djakarta is concentrated on the production of blueprints which require continuity of personnel and direction for their fulfilment.

Outside Djakarta, personal politics, indeed politics altogether, seem to matter much less in the lives of the people. Indonesian society is naturally democratic. No restrictions of caste

(with the exception of Hinduistic Bali) divide people into unnatural categories; the power of the Sultans in most areas (least of all in South Celebes) has been either challenged or broken following the defeat of their Dutch sponsors; the land, partly as the result of an enlightened Dutch land policy, belongs to the peasants and farmers. In travelling from the North of Sumatra, through Java, Bali and Borneo to the North of Celebes (a distance roughly equal to that between the Lakes of Killarney and the Caspian Sea) I had many opportunities of seeing this democracy functioning through the Headmen of the villages, the Bhupati of the districts and the Governors of the provinces. Here was great ability, imagination and devoted service to the Republic. I was struck too by the passion for education which I met everywhere, the conviction that this was the clue to progress, the challenge of independence.

This demand for education, among adults as well as among children, involves all kinds of problems; in Central Sumatra, for example, where I often met children on their way to school in remote Batak and Minangkaabau villages, there are 11,000 children ready to go to the Middle School this summer, but teachers and accommodation exist only for 2,000. In the far distant reaches of the Kapuas River in Central Borneo, the Dyaks are similarly alive to the need for education; last year they built 91 new schools and one of their leaders told me of efforts they are making to develop a common language for the 49 tribes. The Toradjas in Central Celebes repeat the same story; from a central educational fund raised amongst them, they have sent 500 students down to the nearest Middle School in Makassar. Their keenness was exciting to experience; within a few years, as many of them told me, they will go back to start Middle Schools in their own villages, and they look forward to a University in Makassar.

Usually these schools, often very simple and very scantily equipped, are run by the local authorities. But in the Bogor area of West Java I came across schools set up by ex-guerilla teachers themselves, whilst in Bukki Tinggi (Central Sumatra) the Women's Organisation was running an excellent Domestic Science School, and in Banjermassin (South Borneo) and in Menado (North Celebes) the women had started Primary schools.

Parallel with this urge for education goes the desire to build up Indonesian industries. This presents even greater difficulties than those in the field of education. There is first of all the large proportion of industry in the hands of the Chinese. Then the shortage of technicians in every field of industry. Time will solve this problem; in the meantime foreign technicians can be of great assistance, especially Dutchmen who have knowledge of the country, provided of course that they have good will. I met first-class Dutch whose loyalty to the Republic was unquestioned—in North Sumatra in charge of light industries, in Pontianac and in Bandjermassin and elsewhere advising on financial problems, on the draining of swamps, on training in business method. Communications are a third problem; the Dutch always paid a disproportionate attention to Java, and the Indonesians tend to do the same. Not only are communications practically non-existent in most of Borneo, Celebes, South Sumatra and the Moluccas, but inter-island transport is still a Dutch monopoly. This limits inter-island trade, and it slows down the essential transference of population from Java where five-eighths of the people live to the enormous empty spaces of the other islands.

That economic conditions are as good as they are to-day is to a great extent the result of natural riches, a wonderfully fertile soil and the abnormally high prices which world conditions produce for rubber, copra and oil. Not without reason Indonesians would brush aside their present difficulties and say to me: "Just give us five years."

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Dorian Gray, F.R.S.

EVERY now and then the scientist looks up from his test tubes or his geiger counters and catches a glimpse of his own portrait, as mirrored in the popular imagination. "Good heavens," he thinks, "am I really as sinister and wicked as that?" And he rushes off to the British Association to paint a more sympathetic version of himself. He tries to reassure the public (and himself) that he really is on the side of the angels—and will even robe himself in scarlet and march to St. Giles Cathedral to prove it. He will make out a case (and a good one usually) that he is as much the victim of the misuse of his discoveries as the ordinary person. He can never quite explain the fact that it was he himself who convinced the statesmen and the military of the possibilities of the atomic bomb, but he can argue convincingly that the antibiotics and the "miracle drugs" have already saved more lives than scientific weapons have destroyed in war. As the Duke of Edinburgh, in a Presidential address which was a personal achievement and not a ghosted brief, reminded the Association: "The pursuit of truth cannot in itself produce anything evil. It is in the later stages, when the facts dug up enter the process of application, that the choice between the beneficent and the destructive development has to be made."

An even more passionate defence of "Dorian Gray, F.R.S.," was made by Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, the foreign secretary of the Royal Society and President of the Chemical Section of the B.A.

> Can it seriously be laid at the door of the studious minority if the agents they produce to blast rocks are prostituted by the majority to blast one another? . . . What is the power of destructive weapons compared with that of lying propaganda? The inventions of applied science may attack men's bodies, but those of seemingly more human agencies can destroy their souls.

The portrait, however, of Dorian Gray, F.R.S., will, for many people, assume a malevolent leer when the chemist avows, as Sir Cyril Hinshelwood did, "the fearful fascination of conscious moulding of individuals and even of races." To many this prospect of the invasion of life by chemistry is direr than the release of atomic energy. And even those of us who would be willing to range the scientists on the side of the angels would question their godlike judgment as to what this man-made image should be. Who is to decide the formula for the prefabricated human? Is Dr. Parkes's discovery of means to keep sperm functionally potent for many years to be accepted as applicable to human beings as well as animals? Certainly there is no doubt that the studies of the chemistry of the cell are already fraught with great possibilities. As Sir Cyril Hinshelwood said:

> In the last analysis the properties of the cell are determined by the molecular configuration of its substance, the arrangement of amino acid residues in proteins, the composition of the nucleotides, and the folding or piling of the chains and stacks which these various entities form. When a cell reproduces itself, protein chains must grow, like the polymeric molecules of the plastics industry. The nucleotide plates pile up, rather in the manner of crystal formation, but these two processes are subtly interlocked and guide one another as well as being in constant interplay with other reactions.

Already the chemist can change the characters of the cells in a crude fashion, and the influence of his drugs can profoundly affect personality.

Some of Sir Cyril's "fearful fascination" was evident in the discussions and demonstrations at this year's B.A. People crowded in to the discussions on the pituitary gland. This is a relatively small gland at the base of the brain, which is evolved partly from brain cells and partly from cells similar to those of the palate. Somehow this gland converts nervous impulses into chemical prescriptions. It secretes hormones or "body messengers," chemicals which stimulate other glands. This tiny gland has been described as the "leader of the gland orchestra" because it produces harmony (or discord) amongst the other glands. Among other things it secretes ACTH (the adrenocorticotrophic hormone) which promises a possible treatment for rheumatoid arthritis, that affliction of millions. No doubt most of the audience were attracted by this possibility. If they were, they were probably disappointed, because the scientists had no glib promises to offer. Its universal application as treatment will have to await the synthesis of the beneficial factor, and, as was pointed out, the biochemists have already separated out 24 different factors from this one secretion, but in the residue, after the separation, resides eighty to ninety per cent. of the factor active in rheumatoid arthritis. So the physiologists and the bio-chemists are still a long way from being able to tell the commercial chemists what they need to know to produce the drug artificially.

Young scientists, however, showed how this tiny gland (and only minute parts of the gland) could produce dwarfism or gigantism, the midget or the mammoth. They showed pictures of humans, victims of the eccentricity of the gland, but also pictures of animals in which scientists had deliberately produced, or "consciously moulded," the same peculiarities. They showed how by electrical stimulation of a tiny sector of the gland they could produce ovulation artificially. This, it was explained, was the reason why artificial light encouraged intensive egg-laying in poultry. Similarly they showed how the sex glands could be made to behave unnaturally and how the migratory instincts of birds could be reproduced by electrical excitement of the gland. They showed how the same extract given to different animals produced different results; in rats, it produced abnormal growth; in dogs or cats, diabetes; and in cows, increased milk yields.

This was not a part of the great conspiracy by scientists to produce monsters. It is part of the insensate curiosity of science which wants to know what makes the living processes "tick," but, as the Duke of Edinburgh had pointed out, the choice always lies between the beneficient and the destructive, with the wrong intention all this could caricature nature; with the right intention it can help us to redress the errors of nature itself.

Just as the study of the thyroid gland has enabled us to correct cretinism, by which nature dwarfs and travesties the human body; just as ACTH and cortisone may do for the rheumatic sufferer what insulin has done for the diabetic; so this study of cell chemistry may give us the answer to the malignant diseases which we generically call "cancer" but in which the common factor is the abnormal growth of cells.

The choice, as was so repeatedly emphasised, is not the choice of the scientist but the choice of those who determine or fail to determine the uses to which scientific discovery shall be put—atomic bomb or atomic energy, biological welfare or biological warfare.

RITCHIE CALDER

Edinburgh, August.

Israel After the Poll

THE State of Israel, too small to enjoy the benefits of constituency elections, and yet unversed in the intricacies of most Continental systems, has had a second dip at proportional representation, after the first *Knesset* had served only half its term. Some thirty lists were submitted, including Party of Peace, anti-Communist Front, Guardians of Israel, and so forth. The Central Election Committee, however, unimpressed by the spiritual pretensions of all the applicants, invalidated some of them. Altogether some 1,500 persons, representing 17 parties, some of whom have only been in the country since the beginning of the year, and were unable to sign their names in the language of the country, have been contesting the 120 seats. For a country with a population of just over one million and a quarter, and a electorate of 850,000, of whom 75,000 are Arabs, this seems a remarkably diversified assault upon popular approval, and is no doubt a sign of great upheaval. The standard issues of political ideologies are here aggravated by racial, communal and religious issues jealously claiming solution and attention. Israel politics possess the self-consciousness and anxiety of a mother who has given birth to the first boy born in the family for several generations.

The election campaign was crude and bitter. Goods were withheld by various trade associations to prove that people lived in a "regime of economic chains." One of the largest shoemaking factories in Israel had cornered 50,000 pairs of sorely-needed shoes, and was taken over by the Government 24 hours before polling started. The Icemakers' Association suddenly discontinued the supply of ice on the pretext that machines had broken down, but set them in motion again under the Government's threat to take drastic measures.

The sudden appearance in shops of rationed goods, unseen and unhonoured since June, was also attributed to election strategy. Promises, threats, rumours, accusations of bribery, treachery immorality, which would have normally sent their authors to various terms of repentance, were exchanged freely and naturally. "The only thing that was not tried in these elections," declared one leading Israeli, "is the earthquake." Even so, hundreds of Arab villagers are said to have spent the night in open fields of Galilee for fear of reprisals, if they did show up in force to reassert their faith in Israel democracy by voting for the Druze People's Party.

The most important facts which emerge from the voting are the rise of the Right-wing General Zionist Party, which has now become the second largest party with 18 per cent., the disintegration of the ex-terrorist Freedom Party, now reduced to 6 per cent., and the inevitability of another coalition led by the Israel Labour Party, Mapai. Superficially it seems strange that there is a self-conscious conservative movement in a country with neither heavy industry nor big business; with neither traditional aristocracy nor landed gentry; where a rich Jew is simply a poor Jew with money. The 1949 elections, indeed, confirmed this absence of a higher economic strata, by giving the General Zionists 7 per cent. of the country's votes. Since then, however, two things have happened. The demagogy of the Freedom Movement and other splinter Right-wing parties have convinced many of their supporters that these parties have nothing to sell that is not already, somewhat more lavishly displayed in the shop windows of the General Zionists. The second factor is the deep sociological changes which have taken place in Israel with the arrival of new immigrants, who nearly doubled the population of the country.

The recent wave of immigration has brought into the cities of Israel little of the idealism which went to mould Jewish Palestine into a progressive labour commonwealth, and many of the things which the Jewish National Home was meant to abolish. It brought to the country thousands of black marketeers from post-war Germany, smugglers from Damascus, horse-flesh dealers and horse thieves from Turkey, professional Rumanians, toughs from Morocco, billiard boys from Casablanca, currency dealers from Shanghai, British subjects who could not solve their differences with H.M. Inspector of Taxes, embezzlers from all countries to which they cannot be extradited, estate property dealers, contact-men, peddlers, gamblers, speculators and *bona fide* shopkeepers, and thousands of others who simply embody the age-long Jewish tradition of living by avoiding productive labour. Organised government is their eternal foe; *Gesheft*—one-man-business without premises—is their ideal. They represent a hard core of ungovernables, for whom "America" is not only a model society, but also, if possible, the final goal. General Zionist, with its insistence on free enterprise and other stock-in-trade slogans of conservative wisdom, is not only a promise but an apologia for a way of life. Labour Israel not only threatens their very existence as free agents but aims at reducing them to mere labourers or, alternatively, driving them into a communal settlement to end their days, like everybody else there, money-less and property-less. Led by a coterie of ward politicians, ambitious Mayors and chairman of various employers' associations, the General Zionist party is the party of the Jewish Ghetto *par excellence*, seeking to perpetuate itself in defiance of changed circumstances.

The failure of Mapai, despite the unquestioned pre-eminence of its leaders, to attain a stable majority is commonly attributed to the Government's inability to eliminate the black market, which is tearing big holes in the pockets of the workers and salaried persons; to its failure to curb vast profits leading to a subsequent flight of currency abroad and depreciation of the *Lira*. Inflation has always been the ruin of democratic government, and Israel inflation is showing no sign of abating. There is no doubt that if the State fails to direct to essential labour its fast growing parasitic element, Mapai will soon be faced with the alternative which faced European Social-Democracy. The notion that private and socialised industry can exist side by side is valid only if private enterprise is productive and offers additional fields of employment. The State of Israel, burdened with a large and highly trained army, and faced with the task of absorbing and rehabilitating a hundred thousand camp inmates, cannot afford its "Hatton Gardens." which make some streets of Tel-Aviv unpassable.

Mapam has not lost as much as was commonly expected. The recent conference of the United Workers' Party adopted a compromise, pro-Comintern resolution reasserting its unconditional support of the Eastern Bloc. A party drawing its strength principally from communal settlements, Mapam has been lately in the throes of sharp internal ideological conflict which resulted in the victory of the faction led by Moshe Sneh. Brilliant and biting, the former chief of the Haganah has been terrorising the Government and, unlike his comrades who see in Ben Gurion "a stooge of American Imperialism," treating the Prime Minister as an old man with an arrested mind and a determination to unlearn nothing learnt forty years ago. There is a consensus of opinion that Dr. Sneh will be Israel's Prime Minister when Providence charitably bestows upon her the status of Popular Democracy. This time, however, Providence was occupied elsewhere, and Mapam received only 12 per cent. of the votes. Including the Communists, against whom Mapam have been waging a private ideological warfare, and who are now represented by two Arabs and three Jews, there will be 22 messengers of the World Peace Movement in the second *Knesset*. The Jewish Parliament will also have 1 Druze, 4 pro-Mapai Arabs, 1 Yemenite and 2 Oriental Jews, 4 Progressives, 7 ex-terrorists, 14 pious Jews, 20 General Zionists and 46 members of the Labour Party.

With the Mapai-Mapam coalition ruled out by the foreign policy of the latter, and now rendered constitutionally impossible, Mapai will have to turn to the splinter parties of the Centre, notably to the Religious Labour groupings who have broken away from the Religious Bloc, the small Progressive (Liberal) Party, and, possibly to the Arabs. The opinion is gaining ground that, if Israel cannot have a broadly representative government, it must have a stable government, which can only be attained by a regional system of election. That would mean calling for new elections, and revising the electoral law, to which there will be united opposition.

Tel-Aviv, August. SAMUEL ROLBANT

Heads I Win

IT is nearly a year since the great legal aid machine moved into partial operation: partial, because it still applies only to certain High Court actions. It still ignores cases that begin in the county courts, where most non-criminal cases are tried, all cases in the criminal courts, where, since the "liberty of the subject" is at stake, it is probably most needed, and the administrative tribunals, which are growing so rapidly in number and jurisdiction as to challenge the future of the judiciary. A legal aid plan of some sort has been struggling into existence ever since the twelfth century, when the lawyers, because they were also ecclesiastics whose sole aim was understood to be that truth and justice should prevail, gave their services free. (To be frank, they took surreptitious thank-offerings from grateful laymen, and their gowns still have vestigial pockets especially designed to aid the clandestinity; but it should be added that modern lawyers have been heavily out of pocket over poor persons' cases and the fact is far too little known.) The idea that legal redress should be available, which does not necessarily mean that it should be free, to all the King's subjects is fundamental to what is usually called "natural justice"; but since the fulfilment of almost any plan which could be devised to that end carries a threat of unpredictable consequences, there should be a special welcome for a new book* in which Mr. Eric Sachs, K.C., examines the implications of the new scheme in what proves to be the searchingly cold light of reason.

'It was a source of great personal regret to me," says the Lord Chancellor in a Foreword to the book, "that the whole scheme could not be put into force immediately owing to the financial crisis"; and Lord Jowitt has thus to acknowledge, as so many of his predecessors have done, that in times of crisis cheap justice must be placed among the luxuries. But although Mr. Sachs greets the scheme as "a great experiment which both branches of the legal profession are deter-

* *Legal Aid.* By Eric Sachs, K.C. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 36s.*

mined to turn into success," the outstanding result of his skilful analysis is to demonstrate that cheap justice for the many may well entail expensive injustice for the few and generate some unforeseen chicanery among the artful.

When the present scheme began on October 2, 1950, 112 local "vetting" committees were set up in England and Wales, to be co-ordinated by 12 "area committees." By the end of March this year there were more than 9,000 solicitors and 1,600 barristers on the various legal panels, and over 34,000 applications for legal aid had resulted in offers of 20,000 civil aid certificates. But only about 15,000 applicants had accepted them; and this statistical evidence that legal aid does not always come up to the expectations of those who seek it (perhaps because at first they regard it as a service and discover that it is an aid) is one of the many points elucidated in Mr. Sachs's book.

Mr. X wants to bring an action against Mr. Y. His "disposable income" exceeds the "free" limit of £156 a year—after taking off his income tax, his rent and rates up to a maximum of £91, the cost of keeping Mrs. X up to £52 and Mrs. X's mother up to £78 a year, and his other inescapable liabilities—all these being now called "disregards." In fact, he earns a net £256 a year, has £100 in the bank and £30 in a bedroom drawer, a life policy on which he can raise £100, and a house worth £3,000. (Because the house is worth more than £2,000, and Mr. X has cleared off the mortgage, half the excess is regarded as "disposable capital.") Regarding himself, nevertheless, as a five-pounds-a-week man he applies for legal aid with confidence and optimism. His local legal aid committee decides that he has a proper case for litigation, and directs him to the office of the Assistance Board for his means test. Assuming that the worst happens there, he is told that he will be held liable to pay anything up to £705 towards the costs of his action, and that this comprises £50 as half the amount by which his net income exceeds £156, and £655 as the amount by which his cash, bank balance, insurance surrender value, and house ownership together exceed £75. There is no right of appeal against this assessment.

Mr. X is horrified and indignant. Unless his action is likely to be prolonged and expensive, he will get nothing out of legal aid except the 15 per cent. reduction in solicitors' costs and counsel's fees. He may possibly, as Mr. Sachs points out, get some benefit if the case is a prolonged High Court action in contract or tort, and if there were an appeal he would not as a rule have to pay any further contribution towards his own costs. As it happens, he has no call upon any trade union funds, and, even if he had, the Assistance Board would add that to his "disposable capital" and make his position worse. But the angry Mr. X is determined to go on whatever the cost. He gets his certificate, and his solicitor is about to issue a writ and get the case put down in the High Court when a county court writ is received from Mr. Y. While the legal aid negotiations have been going on, the unscrupulous Y. has forestalled the litigious X by starting the action himself—in the county court, where legal aid is not available to anyone. "If I've got to fight this action anyway," says Mr. Y, "I may as well do it in a court where he can't afford to put up much of a show and I can get costs out of him if I win." Here is an obvious gambit for the unassisted person assailed by the assisted litigant. *Cet animal est méchant* . . .

In the first six months of the scheme's life, something like this (or the fear of it) has convinced five thousand successful applicants for legal aid that they don't want it after all. The Act itself and its complementary rules are indeed designed to preserve some of the risks of litigation, in order to discourage the use of public funds for actions which are frivolous and unworthy. The cause of the proposed action must be "reasonable." The First Schedule of the Act names the kinds of cases which (says Mr. Sachs) are "generally regarded as being unmeritorious." They include defamation, breach of promise, seduction, "enticing" a wife or husband, and common informer cases. Beyond these, the Assistance Board officials have the difficult discretion of deciding whether or not the grant of legal aid would be "reasonable." It would not be reasonable, says Mr. Sachs, for the settlement of a backyard quarrel, nor where the costs of the action would be out of proportion to the benefit to be won, where the action would normally have been financed by a trade association or trade union, or where a large number of interested parties have put up one litigant as a kind of puppet and would normally have financed him.

The main test being applied is: would a reasonable man of moderate means, who could afford to litigate in the circumstances but not to waste money, embark on this case unassisted? Thus the "reasonable man," a venerable though subjective apparition in the mythology of the law, merges his identity with economic man, turns his money over in his pocket, and (in unexpected numbers) backs out of the legal aid scheme altogether. Men less reasonable or more determined, pressing on with their cases, have furnished evidence that the legal aid committees themselves can be more generous than "reasonable," granting certificates in some cases where they should have been withheld; and the High Court, whose strictures in such matters are usually known as animadversions, has animadverted because it seems to be the business of no-one else to do so. A tentative procedure is thus growing up, watched closely by the Bench, the Lord Chancellor's Department, the Law Society—and the Treasury, who want to know when the rest of the scheme could be launched without ruining the country. The latest figures ought to encourage them.

When criminal cases come within the scheme, the courts will be required to resolve any doubtful eligibility for legal aid in favour of the applicant. It may have been the attempt to do this in civil cases that has exposed some of the local committees to the displeasure of the Lord Chief Justice, though everyone would prefer to see a deserving litigant assisted rather than not.

The Act includes provision, not yet in operation, for free legal *advice*, as distinct from aid in court. At present, very few places outside London—mainly the larger cities—have Poor Man's Lawyer centres. "For a high proportion of the population," says Mr. Sachs, "legal advice is in practice out of reach, a position that has become yearly the more serious as the complexity of legislation has increased." Under the Act there will be 600 legal advice centres, open to all who *appear* unable to afford a solicitor's fees—there will be no formal means test, though there will be a half-crown fee that may be waived (or, occasionally, increased). This could do much to reduce unnecessary litigation by forestalling some of the conduct that leads to it. Meanwhile Mr. Eric Sachs's admirable book, which should become the standard work on the subject, could do much to the same purpose by preparing the minds of the litigious for the fact that Legal Aid is not a free-for-all indemnifying the unreasonable and the mercenary.

C. H. ROLPH

Lock, Stock and Barrel

II. CAVENDO TUTUS

IN the form in which it has operated for well over a century, the system whereby all British guns and rifles must be submitted for "proof" before being sold is interesting in that it is one of the very few examples of a statutory obligation for the protection of the public being delegated—with one important qualification—to private enterprise. The idea that guns should be selective in their death-dealing, and that the marksman should not be exposed to the effects of a charge intended for the target, won acceptance in quite early days. One of the State Papers dating from around 1570 shows that "persons appointed by the Master of Ordnance" were then to survey all guns manufactured; and the Charter granted in 1637 to the Gunmakers' Company of London empowered the Company to establish an officially recognised Proof House. All weapons submitted for proof were stamped with marks which represented a guarantee of sound material and reliable workmanship. During the 18th century, when the Birmingham gun trade was rapidly developing, various makers in the Midlands, such as Ketland, set up their own private Proof Houses and marks. It was not, however, until 1813, when Parliament passed a Private Bill establishing an official Proof House in Birmingham, that it was made a statutory offence to sell any firearms which had not been proved and marked. That Act was subsequently revised; and it is under Acts of 1850 and 1868 that the Proof Houses in London and Birmingham now function. Control in Birmingham is vested in Guardians, nominated mainly by the trade but including J.P.s and representatives of Local Authority. The most substantial safeguard of the public interest is that though the Proof Master is appointed by the Guardians, he cannot be dismissed without the approval of the Minister of Supply.

The method of proof in London and Birmingham is virtually identical; but, from the visitor's standpoint, the London Proof House—a comparatively modest affair which operates in an old and oddly anonymous building in the Commercial Road—is less *sehenswürdig*, as Baedeker would say, than its opposite number in Banbury Street, Birmingham. Having complained for many years that they laboured under "unjust and injurious aspersions" in consequence of London's enjoyment of a monopoly of proof, although (as they contended) many "London-made" guns were simply put together out of components made in Birmingham, the Midland gunmakers did themselves proud when they got their Act in 1813. Its foundation stone laid to the sound of "merry peals" of church bells, the Proof House, with its noble gateway, interior courtyard and majestic coat of arms over the entrance, is a fine piece of Regency architecture. Its business is no longer so active as it was half a century ago when not far short of 400,000 barrels would be proofed every year; but the figure of proofs for the past twelve months, including a considerable number of old military rifles destined for conversion by manufacturers into sporting weapons, is of the order of 100,000.

There are two kinds of proof test—*provisional* proof of the barrel alone, which the gunmaker wants to assure him that the tube is sufficiently sound to warrant further expenditure on working it up, and *definitive* proof, which is a test of the weapon when the action has been fitted and it is, from the standpoint of safety, practically a

finished gun. First, for provisional proof, the barrels are gauged, to verify their bore. Then, after "viewing," to ensure that any weakness caused by proof shall be easily visible, a screw breach, with a touch-hole, is fitted—after which the barrels pass to the Loading Room. There they are given a proof charge of a special powder and heavy shot-load calculated to exert a pressure much greater than that to which they are exposed in normal service. Loaded and primed, the barrels are now arranged on a grooved stone rack in the heavily protected Firing Room, whose windows are closed with iron venetian blinds. A train of gunpowder connects the breach vents with each other; the firer and his visitor stand outside the closed door; and a hammer working on a pivot pulled from the outside by an ancient leather thong, so that it comes down smack on a percussion cap, does the trick. There is a thunder of almost simultaneous bangs; and, when the windows have been opened to clear the smoke, the barrels are seen to have leapt back and embedded themselves in a sand heap behind the rack, the bullets being embedded in another sand heap on the opposite side of the room. Burst barrels—less than 1 per cent. in the case of new barrels proved—naturally behave more erratically.

For definitive proof the method employed is somewhat less primitive. Barrels and action are fitted for firing on a travelling carriage—a spring taking up the recoil. After proof, provisional or definitive, the barrels are thoroughly cleaned and again "viewed." Rejection follows if there has been any perceptible bulging or "rivelling" from the charge, or—in the case of definitive proof—if daylight can be seen between the face of the action and the barrels. A tolerance of only .002in. on one side, or half that amount on each side of a double-barrelled gun, is sanctioned—a severe test which should ensure that even a sportsman who can afford to be lavish with cartridges which cost these days forty shillings a hundred will get long trouble-free service.

The Birmingham Proof House certainly lives up to its motto "Cavendo Tutus"; and, though I did not see any firing during my visit, I have no doubt that the London Proof House is equally scrupulous in its care for public safety. Fools, of course, cannot be saved from their folly. The Proof House in Banbury Street runs quite a considerable laboratory, an important part of whose work is to ensure that proof cartridges are up to standard. (This used to be done by seeing how far a small mortar, which still stands at the entrance, would throw a solid iron ball of 24 lb. weight—the mortar being fixed at an angle of 40 degrees and loaded with half an ounce of proof powder.) If, however, people try to "improve" their cartridges by, say, putting them overnight in a warm oven, so that the moisture content is reduced and the violence of the explosion increased, they mustn't blame the Proof Houses if they add to the undertaker's turnover.

There is, of course, one thing which the Proof Houses do not profess to do. They guarantee that, short of misuse, the firearm should not burst in the firer's face: they do not tell him whether one gun will shoot straighter or last longer than another. Which brings us back to the question whether there is to be any assured future for those exquisite hand-made guns, a new pair of which on the moors this August represents an expenditure of at least £800. I suppose that there may always be a small "millionaire's market," a select clientele among wealthy sportsmen in India, the Middle East, or the Argentine. But in the British Commonwealth, and even perhaps in the United States, there are comparatively few people who want to draw a cheque running into hundreds of pounds in order to get a gun graded as "best," and labelled with a famous maker's name, if an alternative gun is available which is a great deal less expensive and, for the ordinary sportsman's practical purposes, "good enough."

By this I do not mean that the mass-produced machine-made gun is destined to sweep the board: for a gun of really good quality probably nothing can wholly replace handicraft. But I confess to doubts whether the perfectionism of some of the London makers is going to be compatible ultimately with the world as it is now taking shape. A more rational approach to the problem of marketing seems to me that adopted by one Birmingham firm I visited, W. W. Greener, Ltd., who are turning out two grades of wholly or mainly hand-made gun, one fairly expensive and one selling for export at about £60. Obviously, the latter gun cannot have the refinement of a "best"; but it struck me as a very serviceable firearm, reasonably priced for the Dominions. When I asked one or two London makers of "best only" why they did not produce a second line of guns at a lower price, I was told that it would demoralise craftsmen if they were asked to turn out work of two different grades of quality. The argument has point, but needs qualification in practice. In any case, it seems pretty certain that, one way or the other, the gun trade must so organise its production methods that a chap who wants a good gun that will last more years than can be expected of a purely machine-made article can get it without too drastic an inroad on his bank balance. Particularly overseas, the "shot" is no longer the prince or lordling for whom nothing but perfection was good enough. Indeed, were I a gun-maker, I might be inclined to draw a moral from the fact that in the visitors' book of the Birmingham Proof House the first entry, in a fine sprawl, is "Albert," while that which ends the last completed page is the name of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S humble correspondent.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Oblomov Bach

"THE dynamo," they said, "has run down."

It was a picturesque way of saying that Richards had gone at last, and was now beyond anybody's reach. In times far from picturesque he was a figure, and it had its consolations. The square would see him no more. Jones Grocer said sadly, "he was only the height of three chamber pots, but I'll miss him in the Square, declaiming on the virtues of the good life."

It was indeed hard to believe that he had gone. Richards himself would not mind, indeed he would probably be very happy, for no man was so heaven-striven, so sure of his ship and of his passage, his safe arrival in port. Yet the actual end seemed like an anti-climax, somehow it was all wrong, a cold in the nose and then a sudden decline. One had imagined such a man vanishing in clouds of fire and glory. To have gone as quietly and as casually as a child looked like defeat. Impossible, one thought, why, it can't be true. But as the day wore on the evidence brutally grew, somehow the whole village appeared different, a something vital had gone out of it. "Poor Richards Dynamo," they said, and went about sadly, with hanging heads.

His own shop was closed, most brutal evidence of all. "Well now," remarked Humphreys Post Office, "I suppose he will take all that old furniture with him."

"At least," said Davies Shop, "it will be very safe to leave a cow on the road, man, it was a terrible responsibility to own anything on four legs, so fierce would that man drive his Ford chariot."

"Ddu!" exclaimed Vaughan Tractor.

One can see him a little more clearly now. Richards Dynamo was small and thick-set, iron grey hair cut close to the bone, with his tight blue trousers and the wonderful white coat reaching to his knees and flapping like a sail, tossed about in his own storm. This long overall affair which he wore in the shop, and seemed never to be without, almost enveloped his small frame, but he wore it with the air of an emperor. For emperor he was, of his small store and of his village. Charming and crafty, cunning and courteous and business-like, and the fire of the Lord in his belly. One remembered the soft yell in the voice, which, heard in the early morning, had a toscin-like sound, the essence of an ultimatum in it. It was his call to a lazy world, a sinful one, a stupid one. He was an original man, a little man, the quintessence of provincialism in his soul, sentimental and ignorant, kind and astute, dreaming always of the end, the final haven in one of the palaces of heaven.

An original, as I have said, with a slight Oblomov-like slant to his nature, for like that gentleman he, too, loved his bed, to such an extent that he would retire into it for six months in every year, leaving his affairs safely in the hands of Cadwaladr Crutch, who, in spite of his wooden leg, managed to drive the Ford car about the countryside and deliver the goods. Richards Dynamo was a great servant of his village. He would cut your bacon and measure you for a suit, fill your petrol tank, make you a shroud and coffin and bury you, bake your bread, clothe your children, solder your pots and pans. And, added to that, he was a good counsellor, always ready with advice, the grace of a good man abounding in him, forever extolling the material advantages of Faith, the cushions and comfort of heaven, the Swedenborgian fruit. "I believe in everything," he would cry from the Square, "Man, I believe in everything."

When you complimented his wife he beamed. "Ddu!" he would cry, "fortunate in her I am, the little moments of life are for her, the big ones for me, being, as I am, a man."

His wife being smaller even than he, one marvelled at the fact that she had borne him eleven children. He loved them passionately, all of them; there were no favourites among them. And always when he went off to deliver the goods in his Ford he would have all, or nearly all of them, with him. He was always happy with them around him. One would see the fiery, madly driven van pull up suddenly outside a house, see Richards descend with his bread basket, and then from all angles of the car would fall his children, dropping to ground as lightly as a cloud of starlings.

If I have said that he had his Oblomov slant, his intense liking for the bed, what he was wont to call "the sovereign state," he was, unlike the Russian, much more practical; the world would never fall to pieces because of his absence from it. His sojourn was far from boring. His friends came to see him, he had his wireless at his bedside, his regular meals, his wife read to him, his cronies called. They discussed the great happenings in the world and they discussed the happenings of the village. He had his prayer-meetings, he sang with his friends; altogether it was wonderful.

But what was most wonderful to Richards Dynamo was the feeling of generating so much vital energy in bed, a kind of battery being slowly charged up, a girding of the loins in preparation for the six vital months upon the ground, taking over from the deputy with the wooden leg, ready to deliver the goods, ready to declaim in the Square, ready to do all the things that were necessary in the village. Asked how he felt after

the long rest he would reply, "Wonderful, man, wonderful." "So lovely and true," Humphreys Post would comment, seeing the flying coat.

Thinking of him now, one remembers best the picture of him sat snug and close over the wheel of his Ford van, tearing like thunder through the country, in all weathers, attending to everybody, throwing off energy everywhere in his path. Seeing the stiff hen or the sprawled cow was the sure signal that Richards Dynamo had passed that way.

"He will now be quite mad for the next six months," Vaughan Tractor would remark, and people clutched their children and hurried indoors when they heard the chariot approach.

Meanwhile, his shrewish-looking wife, more dwarf than woman, would be stood behind the counter of the shop, as quiet as a mouse, faithful and trusting, recoiling from all such ebullience and the loud shout, loving in a strange, silent way, the eleven children that cluttered round her, and even though she was not quite sure whether she was indeed the mother of at least three, she was yet charitable and unbegrudging to others who had borne likewise for him.

She would be the sole witness of that great bound from the bed, when at the end of his sojourn he set out to his place in the world again; she would see the flying coat put on, the crusading eye light up, the explosion take place, and Richards Dynamo was about again. A reign of terror for the first few days, then a gradual simmering down.

One would have liked to have seen him in calm moments, in resigned moments, but that would be quite impossible. Crusaders have very few reflective hours, and Richards Dynamo was certainly a crusader. Like normal men, he had his holidays, too, but an original mind has an original way of spending them, and Mr. Richards would repair to the nearest large city, where he spent his time in warehouses and auction rooms, looking for the largest, most comfortable armchairs and sofas, preferably Victorian, and ugliness was no bar. The eventual arrival of a pantechnicon surprised nobody, it was only one more load of the ugliest furniture imaginable, to be stored into one of the great barns at the back of his house. The whole collection, grandiose and preposterous, might have an almost sinister look, but for Richards every stick of it was endowed with a purpose, for this vast collection of rubbish was to accompany him to heaven when he passed over the border. And, without a doubt, it could be said that Richards had already assumed the eventual arrival of a great heavenly chariot, which would bear him and his collection through the desert of fleecy clouds, towards that final haven, to which all life was a pilgrimage. Now that he had gone, one saw the pilgrimage, the life, the declaimer in the Square, the driver of the Ford, the frightened children and the dead hens, the submissive, doll-like wife, the happy hours in bed with the choir around him, the roving, acquisitive eye in the auction room, the graceful bearer of a coffin and the expert cutter of bacon. If one had told him quite frankly that on two occasions the doctor had thought him certifiable, he would no doubt have felt highly insulted: to have confused madness and the Crusade would be the fall from grace.

"For nigh on twenty-one years I have looked out of my window," said Pugh Smithy, "and there on a chair he'd be standing, declaiming away, his white coat flying, and though it was not always the most dignified part of him that I saw, he being a small man, I shall yet miss him." The man the height of three chamber pots had anchored at last. JAMES HANLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

THEATRICAL PICTURES

Two exhibitions of English theatrical pictures, mostly between 1760 and 1820, are now to be seen in London. Fifty-three items from the Garrick Club collection occupy a room at the Tate Gallery until September 9th. The Garrick purchased for £1,000, with money put up by a member, the collection formed by Charles Mathews, and since Mathews' death in 1835 it has added portraits of members of the theatrical profession, generally represented in character, with the result that it now possesses some four hundred paintings and as many drawings, and is acknowledged as the best in the world. What is reputed to be the second best, the collection that Somerset Maugham has presented to the National Theatre, is to remain on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum until about the end of the year. The Maugham Collection includes one masterpiece—Zoffany's "Garrick and Mrs. Cibber in *Venice Preserved*" (The Garrick Club version, now at the Tate, is inferior)—but most of these pictures are feeble if judged as works of art. However, the value of both collections as documents in the history of the drama is considerable, which is all the more reason why full catalogues should have been issued to explain them. It is difficult to understand how the public is supposed to pick its way through the maze of eighteenth-century drama with nothing but a wretched hand-list on sale at the entrance to the Garrick Club room, and a printed notice for the Maugham room. I daresay people are bored with exhibitions after a whole summer of visits to galleries—visits that with the slackening of curiosity have only been kept going by a sense of duty—and that by this time expensive catalogues have become rash speculations. It can also be argued that the rather rare catalogue of the Garrick Club pictures (1936) can be consulted by conscientious students in a first-rate art library. But this does not excuse the absence of relevant information on a subject which can only be appreciated if explained. Great works of art may stand up for themselves. Great the interest of these theatrical pictures, with a few exceptions such as the portrait of Colley Cibber by Grisoni, and Zoffany's scenes from *The Clandestine Marriage* and from *The Village Lawyer*, all belonging to the Garrick, lies in their associations rather than in their actual forms and colours.

My imaginary catalogues, then, would have explained what may have puzzled visitors to both exhibitions: that in the eighteenth century it was normal to perform Shakespeare in modern dress and that only nowadays, with our reluctance to take liberties, has it become eccentric and exciting. Similarly, it may seem odd that the plump, almost jovial figure of David Ross, as shown in the Garrick Club Zoffany, could ever have been cast for Hamlet, or the ordinary figure of Charles Macklin, as shown in the Maugham Zoffany, for Shylock: but our conventions for Hamlet as lean and melancholy, and for Shylock as a crafty old goat, belong to recent periods of more intense individualism and anti-Semitism.

Fascinating sections of the catalogue would have been devoted to contemporary accounts of theatrical performances. What one wishes to discover is the extent to which, in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, gesture and facial expression were stylised, how much freedom an actor had to depart from established movements, and how much sense there is in the idea that gesture is handed over to the stage from real life, standardised, and then, later, handed back to real life in a grotesque form. It is often argued that the history of movement and noise before films and gramophones, can never be written; and it is true that from Zoffany and De Wilde alone, or from Hazlitt's and Leigh Hunt's evocations of Kean and the Kembles alone, only the haziest echo of acting is conveyed. But if the pictures on the walls and the written evidence in one's hands are used in conjunction, one can almost imagine the puppets in wigs and breeches springing to life and declaiming. In front of Zoffany's rendering of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in *Macbeth*, for example, one ought to read Davies' account of the scene after the murder, which was "conducted in terrifying whispers. Their looks and actions supplied the place of words." Or in front of Pine's and Zoffany's portraits of Garrick, one should turn to Mrs. Siddons, who says that at certain rehearsals Garrick bade her: "... follow him step by step, so that he should keep his face to the audience: as he acted much with his eyes." During the performance she was so overcome by the expression on his face, that she forgot his instructions, but was recalled to herself by a look of reproof which, she said, she would never think of without terror. BENEDICT NICOLSON

RADIO NOTES

For the complete broadcast of Mr. Day Lewis's version of the *Aeneid*, most enterprisingly commissioned by the Third Programme, we must wait until the autumn; but the extract vouchsafed to us the other day, Book IV, proved to be of the most absorbing and provoking interest. And, fortunately, it had been preceded a few days earlier by Mr. Day Lewis's talk *On Translating Vergil*; fortunately, because it defined exactly the problem of translating poetry and of the *Aeneid* in particular. Whatever objections may be made to Mr. Day Lewis's version, it is unlikely he will not have seen them and taken them into account beforehand. He is as aware as any critic of the dilemmas that face the translator of classic epic. "A translation which is not somehow based upon the language of its own time will never begin to come near the poetic quality of its original." One assents of course, and yet is bothered, as Mr. Day Lewis himself doubtless is, by that "somehow." For "somehow" raises the question "How?" and

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one was glad Mr. Day Lewis pointed out Dryden's advantage in possessing an "artificial literary language," because in a way it was precisely the lack of this one felt in the book we heard broadcast. "Dido, I'll never pretend you have not been good to me," writes Mr. Day Lewis. As a modern poet he could scarcely have written otherwise; but an Augustan, or even Tennyson, could have given much greater weight and dignity to the line, even though the result would have been at a further remove from common speech. One of the merits of such a translation as this is that it may well lead to a resharpening of the focus of attention on the problem of the language of poetry; and I hope, when we are privileged to hear the whole of the work, that we may also be given the opportunity of hearing passages from other translations from Dryden onwards, not omitting the recent American version by Mr. Rolfe Humphries which Mr. Day Lewis discussed so sympathetically in his talk.

For the most part, the passages we heard from Mr. Day Lewis's version were admirably read, though I was not quite happy about Miss Lacey's Dido. But here it must be remembered that the translation has been written for broadcasting, for several voices. This means that an element of dramatisation is inevitably introduced into the epic. When one recalls the mess that this made of the broadcast of *Paradise Lost* two or three years ago one has certain fears.

I found that three quite unrelated talks in the Third fell into a kind of pattern. Professor Irwin Edman in his *Consolations of Philosophy in the Age of Anxiety* was as Central-European in his portentousness as only an American can be; certainly he made the consolations appear a bit thin, but I can forgive much to a man who says: "It is earlier, not later, than we think." What was surprising was how effective a comment on his talk Miss Elizabeth Bowen's *The Cult of Nostalgia* proved to be. This was very good indeed: one had the feeling the whole time that one was following the grain of Miss Bowen's thought, eavesdropping on her thinking aloud. Mr. Henry Green's *A Fire, a Flood and the Price of Meat* was extraordinarily amusing; a set of three entertaining fables from recent experiences of the speaker which really illuminated the relation between a novelist and his public.

The Lives of Harry Lime, now running in the Light Programme is something of curiosity. I had thought this character was an invention of Mr. Greene's: so far, his name has not been as much as mentioned. The introductory article in the *Radio Times* almost implied that Mr. Orson Welles was the only begetter, and here now is Mr. Welles writing his further adventures. There's plenty of zither, but it can't be said that the results are much like Mr. Greene or *The Third Man.*

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"An American in Paris," at the Empire
(from Sunday).

"The Man in the White Suit," at the Marble Arch Odeon

By far the most original and successful ballet the cinema has devised will be found in the last twenty minutes of *An American in Paris.* Two lovers have just parted, as they think, for ever; a sketch of the Tuileries or Luxembourg gardens lies torn in two, and the wind brings the halves together; they form a backdrop against which stands the unhappy lover, artist of the sketch; he stoops to pick up a rose; the scene enlarges and acquires depth, the figures come to life; and then in a series of dream encounters in a Paris of today and yesterday he rediscovers and re-enacts his love. Nothing very new in all this as ballet? But then its gaieties and sadnesses evolve movements peculiar to the screen; not only dancers but cameras join in one choreography, lights wipe away or single out, and the eternal scene of the painter can be made to stir at our approach. Let me emphasise that this screen ballet is not merely a bit of film ingenuity such as, portentously and rather horribly, we have experienced from *Red Shoes* and *Tales of Hoffmann.* Starting from the other end of the scale—the popular loud "musical"—it attains a genuine art of its own. Music by Gershwin (quite his best composition, by the way), camera John Alton; choreography by Gene Kelly; leading dancers, Kelly and Leslie Caron; art directors Cedric Gibbons and Preston Ames; director, Vincent Minelli. Although director and choreographer have been working towards this eye-opener for some time, I must admit they took me by surprise. And if, especially towards the end in the smack of red and blue lights, there were vulgarities as well as beauties, what musical could be gay without being vulgar, or effervesce without sentimentality? *An American in Paris,* which ravishes us with its unpredictable coda, is a thorough-going musical with tunes, legs, wits, and Technicolor all hummingly above par. Even those who dislike the genre—among whom I should certainly be numbered—will find themselves carried along here.

The Man in the White Suit, directed by Alexander Mackendrick, is not only Ealing comedy, but very good Ealing comedy. This lively, near-Wellsian fantasy envisages the discovery of a dirt-repelling, indestructible material, and the angry alliance of mill owners and workmen against its manufacture. Mr. Alec Guinness (with a quick-change from his spectacled bullion-fancier of the other week) gives a daisy of a performance as the rapt, inextinguishable little inventor. He achieves new subtleties of guilelessness, never once, I think, playing for laughs or catching at sympathy, but gaining both. The film (based on an unpublished play of Roger MacDougall) is very funny indeed much of the time with Guinness and his wonderfully bubbling apparatus in the foreground of our amusement, and it works out its idea satisfactorily. Mr. Cecil Parker imparts his usual authority to mill-ownership and a by no means deaf conservatism, and Miss Joan Greenwood her charm to impetuous scorn. This is a film that briskly explores its subject and finds fun in the lavishly built-up sequence; aptitudes one expects in the director of *Whisky Galore.* His opening disclosure, during a tour of inspection, of the unspeakable apparatus merrily burbling away to itself in a corner, has real comic momentum. The life and hard times of this entity beautifully irradiate their surroundings.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Fires of Midsummer Eve," at the Embassy Theatre

Though German audiences are said to find too much melodrama in Sudermann, the main defect of *Johannisfeuer* is that it lacks a melodramatic finish. Here, if anywhere, Hedda Gabler's pistol is called for. Instead, a play which begins as vintage Ibsen ends tamely as Tchekov. Heimchen, the foundling brought up in a Prussian landowner's family, and Georg, the landowner's nephew, are free, foredoomed spirits. Their love is kindled at Midsummer Eve when the old pagan fires of Germany burn brightest. The second act moves to its rare climax. Haffke, the curate, uses the festival occasion to address the family on God's mercies and Georg replies by toasting the spirits of the brocken; Neitzsche and Kierkegaard, the Dionysian and the Apollonian principles, stand opposed. But the wedding day dawns and Heimchen watches her lover go meekly off to marry the landowner's daughter. An exciting evening in the theatre, which owes most to Yvonne Mitchell's fine performance. She gives us Heimchen in all her moods—agonised, vindictive, full of calm goodness at one moment, splendidly defiant the next. Her "I steal—like my mother" is superbly done. This part is a real test of an artist's qualities and Miss Mitchell stands up to it well. Though she is still apt to slur her delivery, she has all the makings of a great tragic actress. Mr. Laurence Payne is effective as Georg and Nigel Green admirable as the curate; Adrienne Corri's Trude, the childbride, is a Pre-Raphaelite poppy in the Lithuanian marshes and Miriam Karlin, as Heimchen's mother, the Wesskalnene, is magnificently horrible. The play's balance and tempo are seriously upset by Reginald Dyson's Vogelreuter, the landowner. This part requires a mixture of Bismarck and a retired prize-fighter. Mr. Dyson (or the producer) has chosen to play it as a tetchy, raucous, paterfamilias whose bark disguises a fundamental *bonhomie.* If the play comes to the West End, as it should, this performance will have to be altered.

J. N. B. R.

Lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec, New Burlington Galleries

Lautrec's attitude is epigrammatically summed up in a cover which he designed for a monologue, called *Eros Vanné.* It is of two dressed-up women drinking at a bar. In front of them is a small naked child bandaged in splints and leaning on crutches. Physically maimed himself and hardly taller than a child, Lautrec understood directly the maimed and weary sensuality of the world of cabarets and brothels in which he spent his time. Mr. Charell's unique collection includes some sketches and posters, but the majority of the 330 prints are of drawings, drawn with chalk on the stone, and forming a diary of the events and lives he witnessed. Just as the sharpest blade seems painless, his sharp and incredibly precise line appears soft and tentative as it crosses a floating colour or a gentle smudge of tone; only occasionally does it become incisive—to cut, with surgical objectivity, the slit of an eye, the habitual angle of a mouth, the line of the tousled head of a sleeper. Compassion has become too tender a word to describe the emotional quality of these drawings and satire implies something too angry. What in fact he did was to protect his subjects from romantic or moral sentimentality—he kept them complete and real. Thus, we can still appreciate the attraction of Yvette Gilbert which depended upon her being pointedly ugly in some attitudes and lovely in others; we can still understand that the piquancy of the black stockings and gloves was that they only half hid the pale and ordinary. It was within the technical field of his craft (look at the various states of No. 195) that Lautrec was an idealist, a perfectionist.

J. B.

Correspondence

THE RIGHT TO TRAVEL

SIR,—I do not know how fully the blocking of attempts of our party of young British people to pass through Austria on its way to the Berlin Youth Festival have been reported in the British press, but I will have to take it for granted that the main facts are known. We have tried twice to pass through the American Zone of Austria and have been turned back to Innsbrück both times, the second time with the use of a great deal of violence and brutality. The party of British young people here, who are not all Communists, are unanimous in believing that legally and morally they had the right to pass through Austria along the route attempted. Also there is great indignation among us all at the action carried out by the Americans.

Here is a brief account of some of the incidents that occurred during our second attempt to pass through the American Zone, during which we were first stopped by the Americans, then held for the night and returned to Innsbrück.

When first stopped, one British boy, Colin Sweet, of the London School of Economics, whilst attempting to explain our position in spite of American shouts and orders to "shut up," was for this and no other reason struck to the ground by the American officer in charge by a blow to the face with the butt end of his automatic rifle. Eight stitches were required in the wound.

We were held for the night, boys and girls together, in an area of ground scarcely sufficient for us all to lie down. This area was outside, in the open air. In spite of the cold night here in the mountains, and the fact that most of us had no blankets and only light summer clothes to wear, no blankets or heating were allowed us. Also no lavatories were allowed us. Some people were allowed to go away to relieve themselves under armed guard. Others were refused such permission unless they took their luggage with them and went aboard a nearby empty train, a condi-

tion which, with its obvious implications, was unacceptable. Many were therefore forced to relieve themselves on the spot without privacy of any kind and often under the gaze of the American guards and to the accompaniment of their lewd comments. Finally all food and water was refused us, although few of us had eaten any proper dinner and although we had for many days been eating only fragmentary meals.

In the morning, Americans forced us on to trains that were to return us to Innsbrück. Those groups who passively resisted this enforced boarding of trains were badly knocked about and jabbed with bayonets. Other groups, feeling that resistance was not possible, accepted the demands made to board the trains quietly or be forced on. Nevertheless, although these groups boarded the trains with all possible speed, they were pricked and prodded with bayonets from behind.

Perhaps the worst incident occurred with a small party which, when it was forced to disembark from the train on which they were travelling to the Russian Zone of Austria, was forced to remain throughout the night in a small area between the railway lines with barely room to move. Even when trains approached, these people were not allowed to move until the last possible moment, when they were forced literally to throw themselves from its path. One girl was hit on the head by such a passing train. Although she was lying on the ground, the Americans refused to allow a doctor who was present in the party to attend her. Four American soldiers carried her off. She was later returned, still suffering from concussion, to spend the remainder of the night in the cold open air.

I could give many other examples of such incidents, and there are still other incidents which I have not had time to check up conclusively myself. All of these, and the other incidents, have been handed in in dozens of different signed statements to the British Consul here in Innsbrück. Throughout our detention we were refused permission to contact the British Consul by telephone.

May I end up by appealing to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and its readers to make the utmost possible protest against these actions?

JULIAN BARTLETT

Innsbrück.

[Reference is made to this letter, which was witnessed by many members of the party, in London Diary. We have also received a number of other letters, describing the callous treatment of these young people.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

THE DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—It would be agreeable, and stimulating to your readers, if in the course of one of your periodic attacks on Mr. Gaitskell, you would reveal to the world your own alternative policy.

Once you favoured dividend limitation and stiffer price control, but now that Mr. Gaitskell has announced them, you describe these proposals as "insignificant and irrelevant." It is perhaps only natural, if Mr. Gaitskell is to be denied any credit for anything at all, that you should change your mind on this—though it seems incredible that the only comment of a Left-wing paper on the dividend proposals should be on their "manifest injustice."

But what is your own policy? Searching through your last week's leader, I could find only three proposals. First, "some sort of capital tax"—but how on earth is that going to reduce the cost of living? Secondly, a "limitation on earned profits." But, given dividend limitation, this would fall solely on undistributed profits, i.e., on a part of the nation's total savings. You cannot seriously suggest, if you mean what you say about inflation, that savings should be drastically reduced and current spending increased. Or were your remarks about inflation mere window-dressing?

Your third point is more serious—a selective use of subsidies. But you are quite wrong in suggesting that this would have been a sensible policy at the time of the last Budget. The upward trend of prices was then so strong that a subsidy policy large enough to have had any appreciable effect on the cost-of-living would have required an increase in taxation which even you would have boggled at; a severely limited use of selective subsidies could at that time not have prevented a further sharp rise in prices.

But now that the fall in world commodity markets has brought with it a definite possibility of price stabilisation, a selective use of subsidies might well be considered—indeed it might form part (with dividend limitation and stiffer price-control) of a new agreement with the unions. Mr. Gaitskell hinted at this in his speech; in a passage which you inexplicably failed to mention.

You say that the 1951 Budget is dead. The argument is hard to follow. You accuse the Chancellor of two failures, of which the first is in respect of the deterioration in the balance of payments. But would it not have been as well to have analysed the reasons for the deterioration? Had you done so, you must have noticed that the worsening, as compared with expectations, came entirely on the side of imports. Even you can hardly blame the Chancellor for this. You could only legitimately speak of the Chancellor's "failure" had the short fall been on the side of exports—had the level of arms expenditure, or the character of the Budget, led to a sharp reduction in exports. But the fact is that the volume of exports was actually higher by 6 per cent. in the first six months of the year than in 1950.

The second "failure," the increase in the degree of inflation, also receives no analysis. Assuming that you mean by inflation an excess of demand, you might surely have pointed out that the excess, as compared with official expectations, derived mainly from a 5 per cent. increase in consumption. This suggests (what you were somewhat backward in pointing out at the time) that the Budget should have been even stiffer than in fact it was. And it makes nonsense of most of your proposals, which would increase the level of consumption still further.

The fact is that the Budget is not half as dead as most of the criticisms of it. But then your article wisely omitted most of the points which you made at the time. Where is all the talk now of the summer raw materials crisis and the inevitable fall in output? You wisely omit to mention that Mr. Gaitskell's assumptions about production are proving right, and those of his critics wrong. And the disintegration of the export drive? Equally wisely, you pass over the volume of exports in silence.

On one point alone you are consistent—in reiterating (along with the Tories) that the Chancellor is trying to pay for rearmament out of higher prices. This is silly. A reduction in arms expenditure from £4,700m. to £3,600m. would make little difference to the internal price-level, which is dominated by the behaviour of import prices. It is the worsened terms of trade, and not U.K. rearmament, which are inevitably being paid for out of higher prices. As Mr. Harold Wilson has said, "it would be dishonest to suggest that our own cost-of-living and other domestic problems could be solved by scaling down our own rearmament programme to a more realistic level." This surely disposes of much of your contemporary criticism of the Budget.

Of course, if total Atlantic rearmament were scaled down, the world price-level would fall still further. But you can hardly hold Mr. Gaitskell guilty of the total level of Atlantic rearmament—although, on second thoughts, considering how much you hold him guilty of, perhaps you do.

House of Commons. ANTHONY CROSLAND

THE NEWBATTLE EXPERIMENT

SIR,—As one who has played a not inconsiderable part in re-establishing Newbattle Abbey College, and as a Governor much concerned about student recruitment and college finance, I am very grateful for what Mr. McCallum has to say about the College. At the same time I consider it rather a pity that he should have adopted the rather dubious method of debunking other forms of adult education in order to boost Newbattle.

No doubt there are adult classes in parts of Scotland, and in England and Wales too, where "discussion is chit-chat over newspaper headlines and students are frequently middle-class housewives," but what a travesty this "description" is of the bulk of the classes in the West of Scotland. I should like to invite Mr. McCallum, during the forthcoming session, to visit a few of the 30 or so 3-year tutorial classes

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in Philosophy, Psychology, Economics, International Relations, Trade Union Studies, Science, Literature, etc., and some of the sessional courses in these and other subjects. I dare hazard that he will not only find much pertinent and, occasionally, even profound discussion carried on between people of varying ages and differing social groups, but he will also see adults from most walks of life engaging in practical laboratory work under the guidance of a tutor and a demonstrator in such subjects as biology, anatomy, human physiology and chemistry. In the spring and summer, tutors and students, I am sure, would welcome him as a member of groups engaged in outdoor study of geology and archæology. The classes have no examination significance.

On reflection surely Mr. McCallum must see that the classes and the College are complementary—and not rival forms. If Newbattle is to survive and grow in strength and maturity it can only do so by drawing its students mainly from the classes—as it has done in the past session. If the quality of students has been reasonably good, as I believe it has, this is mainly because a number had been well initiated in the classes.

Even if it is desirable, it is not at present practicable, to provide residential education for all adults who can profit by such facilities, whereas it is possible to provide for large numbers by way of evening classes, week-end schools and summer residential courses (and the summer short residential course is an important part of Newbattle provision). W. S. EVANS,

Director of Extra-Mural Studies

University of Glasgow.

POLISH TANKERS

SIR,—Your correspondent is right in correcting your statement that Britain seized two German warships in 1914. But he is further from the truth than you were in stating that the ships annexed were those of a South American republic. In fact they were the Turkish battleships *Sultan Osman* and *Reshadieh*. The money to pay for them had been raised in Turkey by public subscription in response to a patriotic appeal; hence their retention caused widespread and bitter resentment. Turkey's purchase of the fugitive German cruisers *Gotten* and *Breslau* on August 12 was to some extent an act of retaliation for this British seizure on August 3, and this purchase in turn was the main means by which Germany finally brought Turkey into the war on her side in the autumn of 1914; thereby in all probability doubling the length of the war, isolating Russia, and bringing about the downfall of the Czardom. F. A. SIMPSON

Trinity College, Cambridge.

INDIA

SIR,—It is refreshing to read your balanced and thought-provoking journal. As an Indian I have been particularly interested in your comments regarding this country. You have rightly stressed the need for a tactful approach towards the problems of Asia.

Thanks to the able statesmanship of the Labour Government there has been, since the advent of Independence in 1947, a considerable amount of good will for Britain. Recently this has depreciated; rightly or wrongly, we feel that we have not been given fair treatment in Kashmir. It appears that our fault lies in that we were naive enough to expect fair-play from Uno. We are perplexed when Uno, that so easily discovered the aggressor in Korea, has such difficulty in finding him in Kashmir. American prestige has waned rapidly because of wanton destruction in the Korean War, frequent use of disparaging remarks for Asians, and the blatant manner in which the U.S. is propping up anti-National elements (Rhee, Chiang, Bao Dai). We are not interested in academically considering the relative merits of the "soul shackling reactionism of totalitarian regimes" and Western "Democracy." We must first remove all vestige of Imperialism. For most of us, a problem, whether in the East, Nigeria or Virginia, boils down to a consideration of the simple fact as to who is exploiting whom; i.e., Whites v. Coloured. This sounds illogical, but it is the legacy of centuries of foreign domination. If Communism allies itself with the just national aspirations of any country, it is not taboo. Nevertheless, the Communist Party of India has made little headway because (i) in the days of hysterical nationalism, 1942-1945, it associated with the Government's war effort; (ii) it has not made any positive effort to obtain middle-class sympathy; (iii) it has followed, on its own admission, a policy of adventurism (after 1947) resulting in sabotage and violence; (iv) its own leadership is divided. Against this we have the none too bright record of the present Government: its vacillating policies, its tardiness in tackling questions of agrarian reform and industrialisation, its corruption and inefficiency. All this has resulted in a general apathy among the people, a far cry from the effusive enthusiasm of 1945-48. The middle class is gradually being proletarianised and a mass of educated unemployed is being created. Can you condemn us then, if we look wistfully at the virility of Peking? J. MATHUR

Indian Institute of Science,
Bangalore, 3, India.

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—The note on Central African federation in your issue of August 4 seems likely to give a false impression that there was disunity on the subject of federation at the recent meeting of the Northern Rhodesia African Congress. This was not the case. The resolution opposing federation was carried unanimously, and in his Presidential Address Mr. Godwin Lewanika, whom you quote, spoke vehemently against federation. It is true that he stated earlier that "his first impressions of the proposals were 'more favourable' than those of previous proposals," but this was a reference to the proposals for federation put forward by the conference of unofficial Europeans held at Victoria Falls in February, 1949. Although a full report of that conference was not published, the present official proposals appear to be less unfavourable to African interests than those at Victoria Falls. In his speech Mr. Lewanika gave a reasoned and extremely able criticism of the present official proposals, and suggested others which he had no time to develop, and said openly that in drawing up these proposals, the officials had "sacrificed a great part of the trust" that Africans had previously reposed in them. When he was not re-elected as President of the Congress, Mr. Lewanika sent a letter to the press appealing for unity behind the new leadership of Congress and stating that the election of Mr. Nkumbula "does not mean that there is any division in the ranks of Congress. It is part of the democratic system of such societies." He added that he was "heart and soul with Mr. Nkumbula" and that his services were still "entirely at the disposal of Congress."

187a Maida Vale. MARJORIE NICHOLSON

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—"County Inspector" makes one major error in an otherwise splendid article on Village Schools; namely, that Mr. Butler's concern was social not educational.

The fact is that it was neither social nor educational, but purely political. Mr. Butler knows that his party's voting strength in the rural areas is proportionately higher than in the urban and, to maintain that strength, must have as many children as possible "grafted on to the stem of tradition" with its narrow parochial outlook.

Was there ever penned such teething blethers as "true education means nothing unless there is an intimate relationship between the teacher and the taught"? Is Mr. Butler saying that in urban schools children are taught by correspondence or that the teachers having the same children under their care for one session only cannot or must not get on intimate terms with them. "County Inspector," however, knocks Mr. Butler's feet clean from under him when he says "it is also not without interest that those who argue for the retention of the school in the village went out of the village for their own schooling, and send their own children to school out of the village." But in fairness to Mr. Butler it should be said that he is concerned with education of the "sheep" not the "shepherds." Did a famous playwright not say, I think some 30 years ago, "a successful Minister of Education is one who can fool Parliament and the public that he is doing wonderful things to further education, while at the same time playing every trick to retard it"?

Perhaps some day parents will realise just how successful Mr. Butler has been with his sham Education Act of 1944.

M. M. MCLARDY, *Secretary*,
The Lamlash Committee for Sponsoring
a National Union of Parents, Isle of Arran.

MRS. AMBATIELOS

SIR,—Mrs. Betty Ambatielos, in the letter published in your issue of August 4, deliberately suppresses the fact that Mrs. Asimina Ambatielos has been charged with certain seditious activities on behalf of the banned Communist Party in Greece.

Mrs. Asimina Ambatielos, together with certain other persons, will be tried on September 4 on the following charges: inducing young people to join the illegal Greek Communist Party; distributing proclamations and other subversive literature on behalf of the Communist Party; taking part in seditious activities to reorganise the Communist underground movement in Greece in accordance with the instructions of the Greek Communist Radio Station which broadcasts from behind the Iron Curtain. A. A. PALLIS,

Minister Plenipotentiary

Greek Government,
34 Hyde Park Square, London, W.2.

FAIR SHARES IN ELECTRICITY

SIR,—One way in which a minor saving of electricity could be made is by encouraging the use of time-switches with oil-filled electric radiators. This type of radiator is growing in popularity, but has the disadvantage that it takes an hour or so after switching on before it affects the temperature of the room. Consequently, if one wants warmth in the morning, one is faced with the alternatives of leaving it on all night, which ensures a warm room but is wasteful and expensive, or switching on when one gets up, and using current at the morning peak until the room is properly heated. If, however, a time-switch is fitted, it can be set to switch on the radiator from, say, 6 a.m. to 8 a.m., thus ensuring a warm room with the minimum expense and the avoidance of use at peak hours.

Time-switches cost about £5, which deters many users from buying them. If, however, the Government would encourage the production of a cheap mass-produced model and urge its use by the public, a not inconsiderable relief of the peak load could be effected, without hardship to anyone.

E. P. YEATES

SEASONED WOOD

SIR,—Mr. John Ashworth writes that, "For many years the successful treatment of timber artificially dried through kilns . . . has given complete satisfaction to high-grade woodworkers." This is the truth, but it is not the whole truth. It should be added that for many years much good timber has been ruined by the wrong use of the kiln. I have in stock some boards of kiln-dried English oak measuring approximately 12ft. long by 14in. wide by 1in. thick, which have been so split by excessively fast kilning that it is possible to get from them a few pieces of sound 2in. by 1in. oak about 3ft. long.

My sympathies are entirely with the makers of billiard tables who refuse to use kiln-dried timber, and I feel that their distrust will be justified until Mr. Ashworth's association informs not your friends but the operators of the kilns of "the most modern methods of drying." I have certainly seen some excellent kiln-dried timber, but I would not buy any more without inspecting it plank by plank, which is not a practicable proposition.

Reeves Furniture, D. L. REEVES.
Marshfield, Chippenham.

STUART GRAY

SIR,—I should be very grateful if readers who remember Stuart Gray would get in touch with me. I refer to the "Back to the Land" agitator and hunger march leader of 1913-20. His privately published pamphlets would be handled with great care. The information is needed in connection with a memoir of those times. BARBARA GRANT

71 Church Street, High Street, London, W.8.

Books in General

DELIGHT in imperial decay is one of the ambiguous, abiding qualities of the human imagination. A bitter-sweet response made by all races and in every environment, its literary evidence is as widely spaced as the distance between the Anglo-Saxon *Ruin* and the Sinhalese lament for the Lost Cities of Lanka. Given fresh stimulus at the Renaissance, the feeling was in danger of degenerating into mere scenic sensibility by the end of the eighteenth century. The fierce splendour of du Bellay's Roman sonnets dwindles imperceptibly into Melrose by pale moonlight and the steel-engraving of Palmyra that stands opposite the title-page of Volney's *Les Ruines*. Over the centuries—at least until the second world war—the cry, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen"—became more and more humanised, losing its *schadenfreude* while gaining æsthetically. For the moralist, the spectacle of broken columns and bare ruined choirs is still a satisfaction and an awful warning. The crude coloured poster, so prominent at Jehovah's Witness meetings, which depicts the kingdoms of this world toppling into chaos, is but the extreme presentation of a basic human obsession. For the historian, ruins are often the avenue through which one is led to explore a particular civilisation. Some, like Gibbon, make the backward journey to the point at which the first cracks appear in the masonry. Others remain meditative on the threshold.

Viewing the empty shell of Delhi, with its tombs and temples, its shrines and palaces, its thirty-mile circumference of crumbling history, Dr. Spear feels as Macaulay did at his first sight of Rome.

> Two hundred years ago [he tells us, in his new book*], Delhi had been a great and imperial city for a century, with anything between one and two million inhabitants. It was the largest and most renowned city, not only of India, but of all the East from Constantinople to Canton. Its Court was brilliant, its mosques and colleges numerous and its literary and artistic fame as high as its political renown. Within fifty years its provinces vanished, its wealth was plundered, its Emperor was blinded and the city shrank to be a provincial capital of less than two hundred thousand people. The greatness of the change is not appreciated because the magnitude of Mughul Delhi is not realised. The main steps in the decline . . . are well known. But the drama that accompanied these events . . . is often disregarded in the facile terms "decadence," "effete glory" and "inevitable decline."

It is the purpose of Dr. Spear's study to trace the history of Delhi from the time it ceased to be the Mughul capital until it became a completely British city after the Mutiny in 1858. His narrative roughly covers the turbulent interregnum between the Battle of Panipat (1761) and Bahadur Shah's surrender to Captain Hodson at the Lahore Gate. Yet this book is far more than a civic memoir or a mere piece of political history. Though his terms of reference appear narrow enough, Dr. Spear has given us, in less than 250 pages, a most penetrating study of Anglo-Indian relations. Words which have hitherto been only marginal captions in a textbook —"land-tax," "*jagir*," "zamindarism," the village "*panchayat*"—here take on new and vivid significance. Dr. Spear is at once a social and a philosophic historian, equally happy tracing the changing conception of British *imperium*, sketching a gallery of Delhi eccentrics or describing the working of the up-country "thermantidote"—"a machine for creating a breeze where none existed." As a writer, he blends scholarship and imagination in a way that is rare among contemporary historians. *Twilight of the Mughuls* combines the nostalgia of Busteed's *Echoes* and the old aquatints with the stimulus of an appendix to Toynbee's *A Study of History*. It will be read with pleasure in the armchairs of the Oriental Club and with attention in the studies of Chatham House.

No state in history was ever so encircled as the Kingdom of Delhi after Panipat. The rectangular strip of territory traversed by the Jumna was ringed round with hostile forces—Afghans and Sikhs to the north, Rajput princes to the west, Sindhia and his Mahrattas to the south. The Rohillas menaced its eastern borders; beyond them lay Oudh and the encroaching East India Company. Torn by factions, clinging to a balance of power that shifted daily, the state was a prey to every kind of dissension. The feudatory chiefs, Sindhia's ambition, and a succession of unscrupulous Vazirs helped on the eclipse of the House of Timur. Yet, in a way that is inexplicable outside India, the magic of the imperial name remained. As late as 1803 the Nizam of Hyderabad sought confirmation of his accession in Delhi. "I take the Shah's name," wrote Major Browne, "to be of as much importance as an Act of Parliament in England if supported by as strong a force."

Once the British had gained control of Delhi, the Company's attitude to the Emperor changed rapidly. Warren Hastings's policy of deference to the ultimate legal authority yielded to Wellesley's pensionary thesis. The successors of Akbar and Aurangzeb became crowned stipendiaries, puppets to be maintained, as a Leadenhall Street dispatch declared, "not merely in a state of comfort but of decent splendour not unsuitable to the descendants of a fallen but illustrious House, to whose power we have in a great measure succeeded." Yet the difference went far deeper than rival policies:

> The British with their practical minds could never understand the existence of dignity without power, of nominal authority unbacked by force. For them such a thing could be no more than a vain pageant, a figment of the imagination. They could not realise that in politics imagination conjures with memory no less than with hope, and that for all its baseless fabric men are largely ruled by it. To the Indian political consciousness . . . such a situation seemed more normal than otherwise. Overlapping jurisdictions and competing political claims, privileges and exemptions, anomalies and survivals were the breath of the Indian politician's nostrils. To everything, as in the European Middle Ages, there was an exception, and the exceptions were more numerous than the examples.

A staggering lack of imagination was the Company's strength and weakness. It is to be found at all periods in its history, in the men of Clive's generation who carved out an empire against the longest odds and in the petition which John Stuart Mill drafted for the Directors after the Mutiny. "The forms of business," Mill wrote, "are the real constitution of India." We sometimes forget that Bentham, as much as the Clapham Sect, was responsible for the change that came over the British attitude to India in the nineteenth century. Dr. Spear shows us the utilitarian yeast working, in microcosm, even on such a traditionally minded administrator as Metcalfe.

As for the vain pageant itself, he gives us a pathetic description of the straitened majesty and threadbare ceremonial that surrounded the last Timurids. The bejewelled howdahs, the trumpets and kettledrums, the stately Durbars and processions to the Jama Masjid were succeeded by a shabby, token splendour:

> . . . The magnificent steeds with which the emperors had graced their visitors became elderly animals who were led out again and again to successive English visitors, and led back again to their well-worn stables as soon as the Durbar was over.

By the time of Akbar Shah's accession in 1806, the Palace of Delhi had been reduced to squalor. Only the royal apartments were kept up in anything like decent state and visitors who traversed the ruinous outer courts were only too willing to report that the buildings were "one vast slum." Bishop Heber had to tramp through the mud of a "ruinous and exceedingly dirty stable yard," running the gamut of swarms of beggars, to reach the royal presence. His guides, withdrawing a canvas screen, chanted harshly, "Lo, the ornament of the world! Lo, the asylum of the nations! King of Kings! The Emperor Akbar Shah! Just, Fortunate, Victorious!" and there, in the middle of a handsome courtyard (about as big, the Bishop estimated, as that at All Souls), in an open marble pavilion, flanked with fountains, rose-bushes and striped curtains, sat "the poor old descendant of Tamerlane." Having presented his *mohurs* and had a *khillat* arranged over his cassock, the Bishop was allowed to present the emperor with an Arabic Bible and the "Hindostanee Common Prayer, handsomely bound in blue velvet." A bizarre confrontation which somehow epitomises the whole subsequent history of British India.

Despite his part in the Mutiny, Bahadur Shah was the most attractive of the later Mughuls. He was a misunderstood charmer, a mediatized prince totally unfitted for the tremendous part Fate wrote for him. A scholar, a lover of animals and a visitor to shrines and holy places, he cared only for simple and civilised pleasures—laying out gardens, looking after his doves, composing Persian *ghazls* in the Roshanara Garden. "He was religious without being fanatical, and learned without being pedantic"; he enjoyed discussing Christianity with Indian converts. "He would," Dr. Spear writes, "have made a dignified ruler of a minor German state under the Empire . . . Delhi in his time was an Indian Weimar, with Ghalib for its Goethe."

Even the English became partially acclimatised in such an atmosphere. Surrounded by a rich and alien civilisation, the *Delhi-wallahs* tended to go healthily "native" in a way that distinguished them from their brothers and sisters in Bengal. They "fratted," attended nautch-dances and retained the use of the hookah long after it had been discontinued else-

* *Twilight of the Mughuls: Studies in late Mughul Delhi.* By Percival Spear. *Cambridge.* 18*s.*

where. The Memsahib, that destroyer of good relations, was far scarcer in Delhi than in Calcutta. In this frontier capital, "long residence became common, private mansions were built and the British settled . . . as they did nowhere else up-country . . . the common habit of Indian establishments prevailed, and Anglo-Indians, or men of mixed descent, had an honourable place in society. Hickey's "splendours of Garden Reach" found no parallel here. Delhi had seen too many imperialisms. Even to-day, despite Lutyens's efforts, it is in Calcutta, rather than the capital, that one recalls the passing of the *Raj* most vividly. The succession of peeling stucco mansions, rose-pink or golden, that line the road from Dum-dum to Chowringhee, is the true nostalgic graveyard of Anglo-India.

Dr. Spear's final chapters concern Delhi during and after the Mutiny. He treats the episode from a fresh standpoint, and paints an unforgettable picture of conditions inside the city. Through it all we are conscious of the Emperor, a bewildered, uneasy old man of eighty-two, hating the mutineers, yet forced to accept their decisions and condone their atrocities. The aftermath of those terrible ten months was indeed a case of "the scorpions of Rehoboam following the whips of Solomon." For weeks the citizens, already cowed and plundered by their own countrymen, were killed indiscriminately by the demoralised British. A more systematic reign of terror followed. While thousands died of starvation, desultory butchery was replaced by a series of drum-head courts-martial. Bahadur Shah himself was imprisoned in the Fort and tried by military commission. It was decided that he should be exiled.

On October 7, 1858, the Emperor, with his wives, relatives and attendants, began the long journey to Rangoon. A cheerful, extraverted subaltern was in charge of the royal party. "I don't care a straw for any amount of work, and am very jolly," wrote Lieutenant Ommanney to the Chief Commissioner, "I am Honorary Member of the Lancer Mess, breakfast, dinner and tiffin, good stags at dinner twice a week, a pack of hounds accompany the column on the march, and we have a run when we succeed in getting a jackal. . . ."

There, "fading into the dust-haze to the East, young Ommanney with his pack of hounds, Bahadur Shah with his memories," Dr. Spear takes leave of the last of the Mughuls.

JOHN RAYMOND

GARDENERS

Each planted in its individual plot
Tendrils reach for the sun green with ambition,
Wanting and not knowing how to ramble and riot.

Presuming the life story here begun,
They clutch and stretch like children, knot, unknot
Transparent fingers round a frame of sun.

Earth, air, fire, water: elementary what
Mere gardeners may apply. When all is done
This one had green fingers, that one not.

Up the tall stick, across the wall they run
To launch their blooms, luxuriate and rot.
Can ripening tissue recollect the one

Wise pair of hands that trained it from its plot
In all the mixed-up talents of its lot?
By what predestination are charms spun?

This one had green fingers, that one not.

PETER WEITZMAN

UNRELUCTANT CONFESSIONS

The Pleasure of Being Oneself. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Waidenfeld & Nicholson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

I do not know if I am the reader for whom these essays are intended. The image of such a reader already begins to present itself: one silent, wise and grave; of a particular detachment; not pricked by disagreement, nor pleased by a coinciding taste, nor, above all, perplexed by what may seem in some of the book's episodes, a repelling candour; a listener, in fact; the recipient of confessions. Evidently they are not addressed to a critic who is subject to these elementary responses. The critic, on the other hand, may probably claim the explaining aside or *excuse*; for example

> I have wanted my life to be like a rushing stream whose course was beset by rocks . . . (I did not know, when I formed this ideal, how heavy is the price which society exacts from those who leave the green pastures which it has laid out for them).

The writing about personal habits and private likings is to-day so familiar a phenomenon that we forget that it is also a fairly recent one. *The Pleasure of Being Oneself*, though a lightweight book dealing with not more than a handful of the author's quirks and whims, is still an excellent illustration of this *flight from mystery*—a trait of our time which is reflected not only in autobiography and biography at one end, and popular journalism and advertising at the other, but even in the contemporary countenance. How often do we see now the *secret* look which stamps the Elizabethan or the eighteenth-century face? But if this author exhibits the general compulsion to reveal without edifying, he also makes his apology:

> There is a fairly recognisable type of man who never quite gets over his surprise at finding himself mildly at odds with his society. He wants to be respectable and esteemed but somehow . . . society does not in fact esteem him. . . . He cannot quite forgive society for these, to him, unaccountable slights, and does his best to get his own back by joining the rebels and pulling faces.

Not, he adds, that his rebellion is ever very serious. And presently, he offers another sort of clue by naming, as among his spiritual counterparts, Montaigne, Samuel Butler, Socrates and Charlie Chaplin. Sceptic, iconoclast, wise man, clown—yes, we recognise these elements in the author's self-portrait. But the clown is a dangerous model; the iconoclast still more, especially when he is Butler. To which influence should we ascribe the author's pleasure in recalling such episodes as his destruction in an afternoon—he was then twelve—of six months of Sir James Murray's work on the Oxford English Dictionary? or a yet more gruesome tale belonging to the same period, about a hollow rocking horse? He has an answer ready, of course—Taoism: "the spirit of Taoism, as Lin Yutang has defined it."

Nevertheless the pastimes and recollections of which this book is composed are not wholly those of the Taoist or the *gamin*. Now and again, even, he catches the reviewer's sympathy, by scourging the tree-mutilators, for instance—the pollarders and the cutters-down; or by his views on the English seaside place, "at once the wonder and the horror of the world," with its measureless core of ennui. But most of it is neutral ground—a kind of one-sided conversation. Here, if you wish, is the author, continuously ascending Snowdon (in 1916) in the capacity of guide, in order to avoid a military summons; declaiming, with expression, at a still earlier date, *The Raven*, in the parlour of Miss Hall the elocution mistress ("His eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming" is the line he chiefly recalls); more recently, writing reviews in station waiting-rooms—he favours the self-imposed obstacle; playing hour after hour, with an almost creative joy, upon the pianola; rejecting the offered car and walking, perhaps for miles, even at a Butlin camp. ("The laying on of cars," he notes, "has become at Butlin's as traditional a piece of symbolic ceremonial as was in other ages and places the laying on of hands.")

Altogether an individual if not a noble picture, you may conclude. But what, after all, have professional philosphers in common but their symbolic association with the Tub? One chooses to live in it; one makes it the subject of a Tale; one thumps upon it as he expounds his philosophy. This philosopher, I suggest, has tried out all three uses, and perhaps others, without ever really coming to terms with the philosophic symbol. Let us leave him sitting beside it, alone (see p. 61) a small English mountain in the background, a picnic lunch (see p. 67) by his side, a pad of paper (see p. 94) on his knee. On this he is expressing perhaps a piece of carping good sense, but more likely a fretful inaccuracy ("women have no facility for entertaining themselves," it may be), an intolerance, or a generalisation from a single instance (passim.), just like any ordinary mortal.

NAOMI LEWIS

NEW NOVELS

The Encounter. By CRAWFORD POWER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Preacher and the Slave. By WALLACE STEGNER. *Hammond & Hammond.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Catcher in the Rye. By J. D. SALINGER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Burning Bright. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Four American novels read in quick succession, during a heatwave—it sounds indigestible; and, if my digestion has not, in fact, suffered unduly, my chief debt is to Mr. Crawford Power. *The Encounter* (a first novel) provided the bitter herbs, the draught of rough, tangy wine to offset the fried chicken and hamburgers of the rest of the batch.

Mr. Power is a Catholic novelist in the European tradition, and *The Encounter* is a most interesting and impressive novel. Father Cawder, priest in a small-town community in some Southern state, is a priggish, rather repellent character, obsessed by guilt for his spiritual vanity and lack of love for the human race. Early in the book, he has a dream: an old friend, a Jesuit, points to a dimly-seen figure upon a desolate beach, and shouts the mysterious words: "That is Diamond!" Next day, Father Cawder sees a poster advertising a local carnival, in which the star-performer is an itinerant high-diver named Diamond. Perhaps he had, subconsciously, noticed the poster on the previous day, perhaps not. In the dream, it had seemed that the vaguely-apprehended Diamond was in some sense his *alter ego*, or at least his spiritual equal in the sight of God. Had the dream some prophetic, possibly divine significance? To suppose that it had seems to the priest presumptuous—one more example, merely, of his own spiritual pride. At last, reluctantly, he visits the fair-ground, seeks out the real Diamond, and, later, becomes involved in his life and that of his mistress, whose child he "rescues" and sends to a convent. Diamond proves to be a corrupt, sly, worthless person, a fornicator and (later) a murderer; his personality, throughout the story, is curiously soft-pedalled, he remains, as a "real" character, almost as vague and unseizable as the figure in the priest's dream. One expects that Mr. Power will make more of this supernatural element; but after the priest's encounter with Diamond, the dream is scarcely mentioned again—the question which it posits remains implicit. Diamond, after murdering his mistress, seeks sanctuary in Father Cawder's church: he presents himself at the confessional (a beautifully imagined episode)—but not to confess; his motive is merely to discover whether or not the priest suspects him of the crime. He is shot up at last by the cops outside the church; perhaps the whole odd affair had been meaningless: "I am trivial and abominable," says the priest at the end, "I can envy the joy of those who love God, I who cannot love even another man." Diamond himself remains, after all, without any particular significance—or does he? Does one detect an echo, in his odd name, of Father Hopkins—"This Jack, joke, poor potsherd . . . immortal diamond"? This is, of course, pure guess-work on my part; but the

strange, equivocal figure of the diver remains hauntingly in the memory, a symbol all the more effective for being always implicit, never quite explained.

The Encounter is extremely well written in a subdued, rather sour prose which, at moments, suggests the early Joyce. One mannerism I found irritating—Mr. Power's habit of splitting off from the main sentence, between full stops, what should have been a relative clause ("it would have become him more to have stayed in Lulworth . . . paid bills, taught catechism, interviewed plumbers. Rather than pace to no purpose through this city full of sacrilege, greed and lust," etc.). The effect is irritating, a Steinstammer not congruous with Mr. Power's skilful and highly-wrought style.

The small-town squalor and corruption are well suggested, and, though presumably contemporary, struck me as having an oddly timeless quality: apart from a few minor references, the story could have happened at any time and (almost) anywhere. There is a good deal of that ironic underplaying of sanctity which characterises so many recent Catholic novels:

> Father Cawder . . . faced the altar. . . . Behind that weak glitter, layers of textile and metal, incredible humiliation lay secreted in a box. . . . It was shameful, a fearful mystery. The anointed messiah of the Jews . . . lay concealed in this patched wooden shed, His human flesh distending space, here on the corner of Rozier Street and Winter's Lane, opposite a filling station and a boarding-house.

Back to hamburgers and Canadian rye: it is hardly fair to pass from Mr. Power to Mr. Stegner, though *The Preacher and the Slave* is, like *The Encounter*, inspired by Faith. In this case, however, it is a political faith: the book is a large-scale documentary, a kind of novelised biography of Joe Hill, the hero of the American Labour movement in (roughly) the First War period. The style is a long way over the river and into the trees; at its own level this kind of writing is, one has to admit, a far more efficient vehicle than Mr. Power's; Mr. Stegner has something of the non-stop, hypnotic drive of a newsreel commentator (with more than a side-glance at Dos Passos). Of its type, this is an admirable and well-written novel; yet, compared with *The Encounter*, it strikes one (despite its pretensions to universality) as oddly provincial.

Mr. Salinger is quite another cup of tea, and *The Catcher in the Rye* has nothing of the newsreel about it:

> If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it. . . .

Nor, at first, did I—but after a few pages I found even the Copperfield crap hard to resist. The narrator is a boy of seventeen, *naif*, would-be tough, rather hysterical; he goes straight to the point, with something of the ferocious directness of (if such a thing were conceivable) an Americanised Denton Welch. This is an odd, tragic and at times an appallingly funny book, with a taste of its own.

The new Steinbeck is really a play transposed into the form of a long-short story. The experiment (which Mr. Steinbeck has tried before) doesn't seem to me quite to come off. The dialogue in *Burning Bright* is irritatingly stylised, and at times wildly improbable:

> 'Isn't it true' [says one character (male) to another (female)], 'isn't it true that you sometimes wish for, maybe even crave, the hard arms of a young man and the smooth skin of a young man'—his voice rose—'the force, and body lust, and crushing passion of a young man?'
>
> 'No,' she said softly. 'That is not true. . . .'

I feel inclined to agree, in this particular case, with the lady.

JOCELYN BROOKE

GERMAN SOLDIERS

Dance of Death. By ERICH KERN. Translated by Paul Findlay. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Know Your Germans. By COUNT KURT BLUECHER VON WAHLSTATT. Translated by Lord Sudley. *Chapman & Hall* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The story of the German war in Russia as seen and lived by the ordinary soldier, German and Russian, still remains to be written, but there seems to be no writer in sight, on either side, who would be even remotely able to do it justice. Once again the price of totalitarianism has to be paid: the creative freedom it permits is not adequate, even to describe its own achievements, let alone its sufferings. On the whole the Russians have done a little better than the Germans. Of the Soviet accounts I have seen, Victor Nekrassov's *In the Trenches of Stalingrad* and Konstantin Simonov's *Nights and Days* come nearest to what this *War Without Peace* should convey in terms of time, space, distance, movement, and magnitude of suffering, endurance, and achievement. But they concentrate on heroic episodes and fail to convey the overwhelming grinding sense of the whole. German attempts at pressing this vast subject into a frame, few as they are, do not succeed even on this comparatively modest scale. There is nothing in post-war German writing to compare but remotely with Nekrassov's primitive and doctrinaire but powerful book. But above all, what makes all this writing so unsatisfactory, is a deficiency common to the writers of both sides—these are stunted men writing about other stunted men. Neither side is able to visualise the opposing half of this struggle in terms of human beings. It is a shattering thought and a great pity. For in the drag and suction of the post-war world the living sense of the magnitude of the common disaster is already being lost. If ever a book was needed, it was this; but it does not now look as if we are going to get it.

The author of *Dance of Death* seems to think he has written it—and the title of his German original *Der Grosse Rausch* (The Great Delirium) indicates what he was aiming at—but he hasn't. In civilian life an Austrian and a journalist, he served as a Second-Lieutenant in the *SS-Leibstandarte Adolf Hitler*, a crack armoured division, from the first day of the campaign to its last and from Slovakia to the Caucasian mountains and all the way back again to Budapest and Vienna. But what does he bring back from this experience? An inarticulate mind which has grasped little, and an inarticulate heart which has felt even less. There isn't a man among his German comrades who has a human face; there isn't a landscape that isn't a picture postcard. And as for his Russians, his old peasants are all out of Chekhov, his young girls and children out of Gorki, and his Red Army men out of Alfred Rosenberg. That redoubtable character, "Soviet Man," makes but rare appearances disguised as a "mindless automaton" and is hard to know even when seen. Only once, in one brief chapter describing a furious tank battle outside Nalchik in the Caucasus, among billowing seas of sunflowers, does the author manage to bring this war to life. For some twenty pages he stops fictionalising his High Command communiqués and tells us what happened. That is stark, bloody, packed with movement, shrilly coloured, and quite unforgettably beautiful. So it can be done, one feels, even by a Nazi. Of course, it can.

For this is a Nazi story, and anything but an insignificant book. SS-Lieutenant Kern was convinced, in 1941, that Hitler's war against Russia was wholly just, and if he is even more convinced of it in 1951, he can (and does) point to the support he has from those who in the summer of 1945 put him behind barbed wire. His grudge against Hitler is that he did not "grasp the great opportunity given to him in the east"; the Führer's doctrinaire persistence in treating the conquered Soviet peoples as "subhuman" was the cardinal mistake; there were potential allies galore and they would soon have wrecked the "gigantic

R. H. S. CROSSMAN writing in this journal describes the work mentioned below as a "soldierly account of the North African and Italian campaigns" and states "General Clark . . . . earns our respect by a forthright candour."

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prison" of the Soviet Union beyond any hope of putting it together again, if only they had been treated as near-equals. But no, the stupid *gauleiters* would massacre them. So Stalin was able to turn his already bankrupt "war of the Communist Revolution" into a surging struggle for national survival. And that did it. Now "the nationalist war of Russian Bolshevism was in being—and we had cleared the way for it by our own folly."

In the end, having fetched up in an American prison camp, the SS-men sum it all up over mugs of American coffee:

> We've done the reconnaissance for the whole world, and to-day the arms of the Kremlin lie open for all to see. The lid is off the political preserve—we've given the whole world a look at the Soviet Union—at this moment, in our hour of collapse and of the most shameful defeat of all time, we Germans, prostrate and crushed as we are, have played our last and greatest trump to the gentlemen in London and Washington, Paris and Nanking: Soviet Russia with the mask off. And there's more yet; our defeat has created a vacuum which will force the whole world to its greatest decision. And it is we who have forced them to it. That's something worth dying for—the whole of mankind will be heir to our sacrifice.

The point about this is not that it is preposterous logic. It is that it has ceased, meanwhile, to be exclusively German logic. If this doesn't give the planners of German rearmament a headache, nothing will. I confess that after Lt. Kern I find Count Bluecher rather unreal and a little tiresome. He is a descendant of old Marshal Forward of whom Wellington is reputed to have said on the eve of Waterloo, "I wish it were night or the Prussians came." In the event both came, the night and the Prussians, and they have been coming together ever since. The purpose of Count Bluecher's study is to inquire into the nature of this unholy partnership; his conclusion is that Bismarck is really the root of all the trouble, and that Germans must stop worshipping so-called political genius and each one begin to think for himself, or daylight will never come. It is all very true and very sound, and argued in a leisurely, urbane, often witty manner, and the ashes of the carefully nursed cigar are never allowed to drop on to the carpet of the *Herrenclub* smokeroom. The latest thing in ash-trays, mechanically operated and quite odourless, is always at hand. I do not wish to sound ungenerous towards an impeccably civilised well-informed, and intelligent book but I cannot help feeling that it preaches to the converted, and beyond their circle will leave the Lt. Kerns quite unmoved. Personally, I like an occasional cigar hole in the carpet. It shows that someone has made a point and made it in the right place, and never mind the consequences. That is why, in a way, I prefer to listen to Lt. Kern. He is the nightmare, and he's not coming. He's here, waiting outside Mr. Shinwell's office.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

HISTORICAL SCRAP-BOOK

Huskisson and His Age. By C. R. FAY. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

This is an extraordinary book. For once the adjective is used strictly: not extraordinarily bad or extraordinarily good, but a book like no other, written on a novel principle, or, rather, without one. It is a rag-bag, a historical scrap-book, into which ideas, topics, original letters and diaries have been miscellaneously crammed. At one moment Professor Fay remarks with a start: "We have strayed a long way from Huskisson and his fiscal policy." But this does not keep him on the narrow path for more than a page or two. Huskisson is the peg; the peg is soon obscured by all the clothes that are heaped upon it, and to appreciate the clothes you need an inexhaustible zest for the by-ways of early nineteenth-century politics and social life.

Huskisson lives in history as the man who was run over at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. So we start with that: how Huskisson was killed, how the railway was built, and who put up the money for it. Then we ramble off into Huskisson's political connections: first to Canning, of whom Huskisson was the principal follower and so to the younger Pitt, from whom both Canning and Huskisson stemmed. Then we come to the three men who ruined Huskisson's career after Canning's death—Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and J. C. Herries, a figure now forgotten, whom Professor Fay regards as second only to Gladstone in his mastery of finance. Some of this material has relevance to Canning; much has not. For instance, *à propos* of the Duke of Wellington, there is an account, by one Sir Hugh Dalrymple, of Napoleon's life at Elba and another of the battle of Waterloo; finally, a letter by the Duke himself of how he beat the Chartists in 1848. Then there is another jump to show, among other things, how much men drank in the early nineteenth century and how many birds they shot; and a sheaf of letters which Huskisson wrote to his wife in 1819—presumably any other year would have done as well.

After this Professor Fay tries what he calls "the geographical approach." Huskisson was at one time in charge of Crown lands. This is the excuse for describing how Marylebone fields were turned into Regents Park; and how the Crown estates were run from the Norman conquest to the present day. Huskisson was for a time M.P. for Chichester; so we come to West Sussex and to William Hayley ("a petty, sneaking knave I knew"). Then back again to Deacon Hume, of the Customs House, and its reorganisation under his direction. Huskisson was a Staffordshire man. This earns the county two chapters with admirable excerpts from the papers of E. J. Littleton, first Lord Hatherton. Thus finally to Liverpool and the reasons for its growth as a great port; this chapter has also excursions to Cheltenham and to the Lake district. The book concludes: "Sussex, Thames-side, Staffordshire, Liverpool—you may have them all if you leave me Cambridge and the Lakes." A sound sentiment, however remote from Huskisson and even from his times.

Books of this rambling kind are occasionally written by amateur adventurers into the field of history; hardly before by a distinguished economic historian, his mind crammed with stimulating ideas and his text grounded on original material. Much of this book can be read for entertainment and some for instruction. All the same, it seems a pity that such a gift for exposition and so much research should have been presented so chaotically. At the end the reader has no clear picture of Huskisson and not much even of his age.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

MODERN WAR

War and Human Progress. By J. U. NEF. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

The United Nations and Power Politics. By "JOHN MACLAURIN." *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

Professor Nef's fascinating essay is an original and important attempt to make an objective assessment of war in its relation to other human activities. No subject has in modern times been more obscured with half-truths, fallacies, disingenuous advocacy and plain falsehood. *War and Human Progress* does much to clear away the lumber and stimulate the reader to re-examine without prejudice the causes of war, its nature, and the conditions in which it is likely to thrive.

The author, who is Professor of History at the University of Chicago, examines the changing nature of war since the Middle Ages and concludes that it is closely related to the rise of industrial civilisation. Man is in essence a war-like creature just as he is greedy, passionate and cruel in other ways. The development of science and industrial productivity has placed in his hands increasingly far-reaching implements of warfare, until by the mid-twentieth century the almost total exploitation of the world's natural resources in the industrial societies of the U.S., Western Europe and the Soviet Union has led him to the threshold of total war. At the same time the spiritual inhibitions, planted originally by the Greek philosophers and Christian dogma, have grown steadily weaker. And this is no coincidence:

> To a considerable extent the minds which have fostered the triumph of the industrial state have contributed to the decline of the human mind. . . . The very advances men have made are leading them in spite of themselves to wars more devastating than any thought of by the human race.

The ray of hope that Professor Nef allows to penetrate his foreboding conclusion is the chance that man's appalling predicament—appalling not only in its material prospects, but equally in its utterly unsatisfying spiritual sterility—will once again turn the Western World to a new search for the eternal verities.

> When the mind of man has presented humanity with weapons that would be safe only in the hands of God, is it not evident that the only hope of staying the power of these weapons lies in redemption through Him?

So runs the didactic conclusion, and with it the implication that the chance is a slim one. But it could fairly be argued that this does less than justice to the logic of the more calculated and less rhetorical argument that goes before. For the principal material restraint on the recurrence of war has been the inordinate cost of killing one's enemy. This is not the first century in which the shortage and high price of iron, copper, lead, tin and other materials equally necessary in war and peace have imposed an effective restraint on military ambition. Conversely the commercial and industrial greatness of Britain and the U.S. are partly explained by their comparative freedom from military exhaustion at crucial periods. Is it not reasonable then to conceive that the same factors may in present conditions offer a similar deterrent? The totality of future war, which is correctly perceived by Professor Nef, means simply that everything must be dedicated to it. It would mean the end of civilisation as we know it, not so much by disintegration in nuclear fission, as by our gradual inability to spare any effort or

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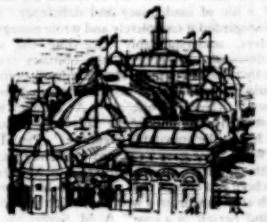

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resources for anything other than the preparations for war. It is permissible to hope that twentieth-century Western man, accustomed to demanding the luxuries of an advanced industrial civilisation, will not watch his welfare and his comforts melt away without at least calling in question the war propaganda which beckons him to the meanest and messiest form of suicide.

In other ages scruples have sometimes been felt which have latterly become unfashionable. In the darkening twilight of the atomic world self-interest and a real need for spiritual comfort may combine to restore them. Leonardo, writing of the submarine, left these words in his notebook:

> This I do not . . . divulge, on account of the evil nature of men, who would practise assassinations at the bottom of the seas by breaking the ships in their lowest parts and sinking them together with the crews that are in them.

They are the words of a man who was not only good but wise. There are already signs that some of the more imaginative of our physical scientists are beginning to realise that they are working in the presence of forces powerful enough to compel them, willy-nilly, some way along the road to a similar goodness and wisdom. *War and Human Progress* is a successful attempt, carried out with commendable objectivity and readability, to re-examine concepts which have become shoddy with popular handling. It is reassuring to find that the liberal tradition of Chicago University still allows it to claim the parentage of such a refreshingly non-partisan book.

The United Nations and Power Politics is in no sense important. But it may be read as a lightweight postscript to Professor Nef's scholarly investigation. "John Maclaurin" has devised a simple and useful way of explaining the workings of the United Nations by the expedient of following particular causes right through the machine. He also attempts by the same technique to measure the post-war policies of the Great Powers against the standard of the U.N. charter. The book is helpful and effective as a working demonstration of U.N. processes. For the rest it is a skilful polemic against the failure of the Powers to live up to their obligations. It is marred, however, as a serious critique of foreign policies by its somewhat disingenuous selection of subject matter.

JOHN FREEMAN

A VOICE OF PROPHECY

The Co-operative Movement in a Socialist Society. By G. D. H. COLE. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

At its birth, the parents of the Co-operative Movement, rich only in faith, prophesied that its influence would grow and spread until in the end it would transform society from a economic jungle into a Co-operative Commonwealth. To-day, though now with a membership of 10 million, and capital resources of nearly £400 million, its leaders speak of the achievement of that early Co-operative dream in the language of apocalypse rather than prophecy. Except for the perorations to their speeches, there is little evidence of any widely held belief among them that Consumer's Co-operation will ever spread into a Co-operative Utopia. In practice, its managers devote themselves to strengthening its boundaries on the one side against the incursions of state control, where that threatens; and to extending them on the other, where they are able, at the expense of big business. Both, they declare implicitly if sadly, will always be with us. Accepting the universe as it is they see heaven beyond their grasp. Not so Professor Cole. In him, the voice of prophecy, silent for a hundred years, is heard again. At the request of the Fabian Society, he has produced a book, or at least a long pamphlet, in which he passes judgment on the Movement's lost horizon, and suggests why and how it may yet be reached in the new, inevitable Socialist Society. With a fine abandon (neglectful even of the proof reading in parts) he urges the Movement to throw off its crippling caution and plunge along new paths. Let the *whole* field of distribution, retailing and service, become the Co-operative parish—not merely groceries and dry goods. Let the Government and publicly owned capital provide for the expansion of Co-operative Societies, old and new. Let new and more Productive Co-operatives be developed. Let new methods of association between consumer societies and farmers' co-operatives be devised. And, most startling of all, let there be new types of Co-operatives created. Large private distributive agencies can be "mutualised" and provide a form of Co-operative competition. All this will give us Heaven too.

Orthodoxy will undoubtedly be horrified at the new prophetic pattern. Those burdened with the present task of Co-operative endeavour will surely find many difficulties in making the Movement take wing. Its apologists will be bound to assert that Professor Cole has ignored the reality of Co-operative achievements and seriously underestimated its influence in Socialist thinking; they will point with pride at Lord Williams, Lord Alexander and Alfred Barnes. The economists will ask where, in an apparently endless rearmament programme, substantial public funds can be found for co-operative expansion at any time in the foreseeable future. Nor, its politicians will complain, does Professor Cole explain how the considerable conflict of political loyalties between the typical farmer and the typical co-operator is to be resolved before they are joined in Co-operative Union.

To all of which Professor Cole has replied in advance that he has merely "chanced his arm" and that if anyone can think of a better plan he is welcome to try. Modesty disarms criticism; for he admits his suggestions may be wrong. Yet his service is to be measured not by the accuracy of his preferred solutions, but by his success in stimulating controversy on matters on which for too long the Co-operative Movement has been too complacent. This at least he has surely done. And Professor Cole would, almost certainly, be the last to complain if, after reading what he has written, the reader will judge that a good deal of hard thinking still remains to be done by somebody if the Co-operative Movement is to make a contribution to a Socialist Society commensurate with its potentialities.

TOM WILLIAMS

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,121

Set by Gerald Giradot

The present Duke of Wellington has recently established the fact that his illustrious ancestor never made that remark about Waterloo being won on the playing fields of Eton. Competitors are invited to submit a comment upon this in a four-line verse epigram. Entries by August 28th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,118

Set by Arthur Marshall

Newspaper obituaries are often prepared in advance. By an unfortunate mistake, the proof of yours is sent to you, before your decease, for checking. It contains all the things that you would least wish to hear about yourself, while remaining quite polite and even adulatory. You are invited to write such an obituary of yourself. (Limit, 200 words.)

Report by Arthur Marshall

Competitors co-operated merrily in their own demises though it was not easy to sustain the necessary note of a life of inadequacy and deficiency; indeed, some disregarded it completely and wrote panegyrics of themselves, understandably exceeding the allotted word-allowance. In general, the obituary style was splendidly struck: "Wisely disclaiming all pretensions to beauty or charm, she acquired some fame as a *raconteuse*" (Nora White): "A laconic wit no circumstance could check, the sally was as common on his lip as the inevitable cigarette" (Paul Drury). C. M. Walkerdine gave a, to some, sobering picture of home life: "Her continued interest in Mathematics, when school and college days were far behind, provided her with an escape from a world in which she occasionally found herself at a loss." A. M. Sayers has clearly had his moment ("The town's excellent system of main drainage is his lasting monument") and D. L. Hofman has a good recipe for modern fame: "She deserves long to be remembered as in every way fitting the twentieth-century counterpart of the common man." The first prize of two guineas goes to Doris Langley Moore for an admirable combination of matter and manner, and a guinea each to Edward Blishen, Stanley J. Sharpless, Jean Stubbs and Allan M. Laing.

Mrs. Moore's death will be lastingly regretted in the small circle which was able to appreciate a character whose merits had no facile or superficial appeal. This favoured few will miss the lively conversation with which she unflaggingly entertained those who had leisure to enjoy the quaint stream of anecdote and discursive allusion. Her deeply sensitive nature, completely disguised under an assertive manner, prevented her from achieving any form of success as the world knows it; but she did not allow rebuffs to discourage her efforts. Ever-persistent, she cheerfully made her way into forbidding presences, and refused to be put out of countenance.

Her willingness to make herself useful overcame all opposition from those she sought to help, and her kind heart strove to make amends for defects of understanding. Her very mistakes, springing as they did from want of tact and taste rather than the deliberate wrongheadedness they sometimes seemed to hint, proved a most valuable object lesson to her rivals. Her work attained a fair *succès d'estime* in her native town.

D. L. M.

Typical of Mr. Blishen was his disinclination to bully Fate or to impose his own will on it. Fate would make him a schoolteacher; Fate (such was his attractive attitude) must have its way. Equally, he hated to impose authority on his classes. The comment of a visiting inspector (he was always ready to borrow sound ideas) led him to formulate his provocative theory of "education through chaos." He is remembered smilingly by many a child.

Pacific through and through, he was a continual object lesson to impolite persons of all kinds. To their unreasonable demands he would return a quiet "Yes, sir," or "As you please," which must have sowed the seeds of regret in many an intemperate nature.

He never lost his early ambition to be a great cricketer. Youthful to the last, he played an imaginary cricket of his own invention. "It was charming," a friend has said, "to see his shy confusion when a piece of paper accidentally dropped proved to be an imitation score-card, in which he was credited with an innings of three or four hundred runs."

He leaves a widow, an attractive grey-haired lady in her late twenties.

EDWARD BLISHEN

Who's Who is silent about his birth, parentage, career; it fails even to mention his name (writes a friend). Yet this is understandable. He hid his light very effectively under a bushel, and its existence was not so obvious to the world as it was to him. His literary flair was discovered almost by accident. As a boy of ten, he copied out a joke from *Tit Bits* and sent it to the *Boys' Own Paper*, who awarded him a pocket knife for the best original story. He never looked back. Graduating the hard way, via "Bullets" and slogans for cosmetics, he finally won his spurs on the NEW STATESMAN Competition page, where he once received three consecutive mentions. That was his finest hour. His artistic integrity was such that he seldom spoke in company unless he could say something that was

up to competition standard. And now he has gone; the broad stream of English literature flows on unruffled; but one tiny tributary (albeit no more than a drip) has dried up for ever.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Mrs. Jean Stubbs, Treasurer of the local Quill Club, died yesterday in the garden of her country home. She left behind her a trunkful of unpublished manuscripts.

It is a fitting touch that the eyes of this mute, inglorious Milton should have closed over the pages of *Paradise Lost*. Though she was in no way an artist she was in many ways artistic. But her literary wagon, rocking from one to another star, found even slight progress stifled in the ether of family considerations. The foot which might have waded through slaughter to a throne was diverted in humbler usefulness to the treddle of the domestic sewing machine.

Hers was a temperament which strived for and desired to achieve that which neither Fate nor personal capacity would allow. She is one of those housewives whose name is legion; who have no memorial; who are buried as though they had never been. But let us remember that theirs are the names which live for evermore.

It is believed that her husband, the well-known scientist, is contemplating a memorial publication of her poems.

JEAN STUBBS

No one would have been more surprised to find himself considered worthy of an obituary paragraph in these columns than Allan M. Laing, although it might have crossed his mind that, as perhaps the last of the troubadours, his death had some small news value. With little or no formal education, and a wholly intuitive grasp of the writer's art, his excursions into literature never took him, so to speak, far from home. He was impatient of research; and that brevity which goes by the name of wit often in his writings cleverly concealed a minimum of information. But both in verse and prose, he was singularly successful in avoiding the dull profundity of the scholar; and some of his longer flights seemed to the discerning quite awe-inspiring feats on the tight-rope.

Personally, he was naively expansive and amiably uncritical, except for a certain pedantry of the "Modern English Usage" type; and seldom talked for long without introducing the name of Bernard Shaw, his literary idol. In his middle years, remarkable and surprising success in literary competitions, and the pressing need for money, led him to assume the role of modern troubadour, by which the will probably be best remembered.

ALLAN M. LAING

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CHESS: They Shall be Exalted

No. 98

Nothing very humble about them either. Indeed, my quest for "brilliancies" produced by our own readers is meeting with a gratifying response. But let that not discourage further entries, for I shall have to revert to this competition more than once. This week, one of the chessbook-tokens is won by M. E. Wise, a Surrey player now resident in Holland where, in a Brabant Club Championship earlier this year, he won this pretty little game.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	
(3)	P-Q4	P x P	
(4)	Kt x P	B-B4	
(5)	B-K3	Q-B3	
(6)	P-QB3	KKt-K2	
(7)	Q-Q2	P-Q3	
(8)	Kt-QKt5	B x B	
(9)	Q x B	K-Q1	
(10)	Kt1-R3	R-K1	
(11)	O-O-O	P-QR3	
(12)	R x P ch	resigns	

Obviously, if Black plays P x R he is mated in three moves. A prize no less well deserved goes to J. Pike who, having reached this position with the Black pieces won rather neatly by pushing his QP and continuing Kt-Kt6 ch, thereby gaining the exchange and a winning position. For obviously, if White takes the Kt Black will play Q x Q, with mate to follow. Perhaps it will be some consolation for his unfortunate opponent if Mr. Pike will allow me to quote from Chamber's Encyclopaedia that "the pike feeds ravenously, being capable of swallowing prey almost as large as itself." Yet another prize-winner, this week is H. Ainsworth who won the very first NEW STATESMAN AND NATION Chess competition over two years ago (when competitors were invited to concoct a "bitter end for Mr. Snatch" out of the Danish Gambit). This time Ainsworth sent me a game which, so he says, was won by D. Quixote against S. Panza; and while the latter is said to have been very proud of losing one P only and actually threatening mate one move before his own demise Don Ainsworth's game seems quixotic, to say the least. Yet, do we not all prefer an amusing fib to dull reality? Here then is the game.

(1)	P-Q4	P-Q4	
(2)	P-K4	P x P	
(3)	Ka-QB3	P-KB4	
(4)	Kt-R3	P-QKt3	
(5)	B-B4	P-KR3	
(6)	B-K3	B-Kt2	
(7)	O-O	P-B4	
(8)	R-K1	P x P	
(9)	Kt-QKt5	P x B	
(10)	B-B7 ch	K x B(sadly)	
(11)	Kt-Kt5ch	K-K1 (glad	
(12)	Q-R5 ch	K-Q2	ly)
(13)	Kt-B7	Q-B1	
(14)	Kt-K5ch	K-K3	
(15)	Q-B7 ch	K x Kt	
(16)	P-B4 ch	P x P e.p.	
(17)	R x P ch	K-B5	
(18)	P-Kt3 ch	K x R	
(19)	Q-Kt3 ch	K-K7	
(20)	Q-Q3 mate		

For this week's competition it seems fitting to offer real game positions only.

A: Boibou

A—White to win—is one of those sledge-hammer affairs, easy enough to be rather over-rated with 5 ladder-points. Both B and C are much more subtle. Both positions were won for White by a noted problemist and compiler of endgame studies. In rating them 6 and 7 points respectively I do not feel particularly generous, considering the good measure of *finesse* embodied in both positions.

B: Michael David, 1928

C: Michael David, 1929

Usual prizes. Entries by August 27.

Assiac is on holiday. The report on the competition set July 28 will appear next week.

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The London University B.Sc. Economics Degree is a valuable qualification, not only for teaching or administrative posts under educational and other organisations, but also for statistical, research, and welfare work generally. The degree is open to all, without university residence or attendance at lectures. You may prepare for it at home under the experienced guidance of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Tuition fees are moderate, and may be paid by instalments. 700 Wolsey Hall students passed London B.Sc. Econ. (Final) examination, 1925-50. PROSPECTUS from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. VH 17.
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for appointment to a Senior Lectureship in History. The salary is £1,000 rising to £1,200 by annual increments of £50 and the successful candidate will be expected to take up his duties on February 1, 1952, or as soon thereafter as may be arranged. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 15, 1951.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Chemical Engineering. The salary will be within the range £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £88 males, £69 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 8, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for Bulgarian, Greek, Hungarian, Portuguese, Rumanian, Spanish and Turkish language Monitors at Reading. Duties consist of reporting on radio transmissions in these languages of which complete idiomatic grasp is essential. Qualifications: good knowledge of current political events, particularly in relation to the relevant countries; ability to type. Vacancies do not exist in all these groups, but successful candidates will be placed on the reserve list. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £725 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Reserve Monitors, N.Stm.", within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped add. env.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales & Monmouthshire, Cathays Park, Cardiff. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Economics at this College. Initial salary will be at a point in the scale of £450-£500, £550-£850 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom six typed copies of application, together with the names of three referees, should be sent as early as possible, and not later than September 7, 1951. (Signed) E. R. Evans, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales & Monmouthshire, Coleg Prifathrofaol Deheudir Cymru a Mynwy. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer and Organising Tutor in Social Science at the University College of South Wales & Monmouthshire, Cardiff, to be responsible for the Diploma in Social Science. Candidates should have an Honours Degree and experience of Social work. The starting salary will be at a point in the range of £550-£850 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, to whom 6 typed copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three refs. should be sent as early as possible, and not later than Sept. 7, 1951. E. R. Evans, Registrar, Cathays Park, Cardiff.

UNIVERSITY College, Dundee. The Council of University College, Dundee, invites applications from University graduates for the post of Assistant Librarian at University College, Dundee, in the University of St. Andrews. Salary £350, rising by four annual increments to £400. The post carries with it membership of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Library experience is desirable. Applicants are requested to lodge with the Secretary not later than August 24, eight copies of their applications, which should include a note of age, qualifications and experience, and should give the names of two referees. Patrick Cumming, M.A., LL.B., Secretary and Treasurer.

CITY of Nottingham Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Further Education Department, to be concerned primarily with the relations of the Authority with industry and commerce and in particular with the work of Advisory Committees. The post offers valuable experience both of education and of industry. Salary A.P.T. Grade IV (£530 × £15—£575). Further particulars and forms of application (which should be returned within 14 days) may be obtained from F. E. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham.

WILTSHIRE County Council Education Committee. Applications invited for superannuable appointment of Leader-Organiser at Melksham. Responsibilities include development of Youth Service activities in the town and acting as warden of well-established Youth Centre, playing field attached. Residential accommodation available. Recognised training and experience essential. Salary £400-£470 per annum. Canvassing disqualifies. Further particulars and application forms from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trowbridge. P. E. Selborne Stringer, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement Advice Centre requires a Solicitor to work whole time exclusively at its Legal Advice Centre. The work is to advise, negotiate and arrange representation for Poor Persons for whom statutory facilities are not available. Organising ability main requirement. Salary £600 per annum. Appointment will be in first instance to March 31, 1952. Apply by letter to The Head, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Rd., S.E.5.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary for duty at the Portman Clinic Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon Street, Davies Street, W.1. Grade A.P.T. III, £450 × £15 to £495, plus London weighting £30 at age of 25 years. Applicants must have general administrative experience and be competent to undertake the secretarial duties of a highly specialised psychiatric establishment. The duties will involve some evening work. Applications stating age, experience, qualifics., together with names and addresses of 3 refs. to reach the Secretary to the Committee, Paddington Hospital, Harrow Rd., W.9, by Sept. 8, 1951.

NATIONAL Gallery, Assistant Keeper, Grade II. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for the permanent post of Assistant Keeper, Grade II. Age limits at least 22 and under 26 on September 1, 1951, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for other Forces service or for established Civil Service. Salary scale: £400-£600 (men), £400-£500 (women). Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper, Grade I, on salary scale £780-£1,250 (men), £650-£1,085 (women). Candidates must normally have a University degree with first- or second-class Honours, though candidates without this qualification may be considered if they are otherwise exceptionally well qualified by training or experience. They should normally have made a special study of art history and should be able to read not less than two modern foreign languages, preferably German and either Italian or French. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 132/51. Completed application forms must reach him by September 6, 1951.

AYCLIFFE School. Principal: J. Gittins, M.A., B.Sc. Applications are invited for the following posts: Warden of the Classifying School. The Warden is in charge of the staff and of the administrative arrangements for assessing the problems of the difficult and delinquent boys passing through the School. The post carries a Special Responsibility Allowance of £100 and a payment of £104 per annum is made for Extraneous Duties. These payments are additional to the basic salary which is Burnham Scale plus three increments for teachers or the Home Office Housemasters' Scale for other approved appointments. An excellent modern house is available at a rental of £52 per annum. Senior Matron. To take charge of catering, domestic, and nursing arrangements in this Home Office Approved School for 200 boys. Qualifications in catering and/or nursing would be an advantage but are not essential. The salary is on the scale of £295 per annum, rising by annual increments of £10 to a maximum of £345 per annum. Free board, lodging, and laundry are provided. Intending candidates should before applying write for further details (enclosing a stamped addressed envelope) to the Principal, Aycliffe School, Copelaw, Aycliffe, Darlington.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Islington. Appointment of Junior Information Officer. Applications are invited for the position of Junior Information Officer on the permanent staff of the Council at a salary in accordance with the General Division (Age Scale), e.g., at 21 years £265 per annum for males or £216 for females; at 26 years—£390 or £318; and at 30 years—£455 or £370 per annum respectively. Preference will be given to applicants who have had previous Local Government experience or who may have a knowledge of the scope of Local Authorities' activities, and are able to deal with enquiries by the public arising out of day-to-day problems. The appointment will be subject to the National Joint Council Scheme of Conditions of Service; to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937; and to a medical examination. Applications, stating age, whether married or single, and giving details of positions held, together with the names of two referees, should be forwarded to the undersigned by not later than August 31, 1951. Candidates must disclose in writing whether to their knowledge they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Canvassing will disqualify. The Council are unable to make any arrangements for the provision of housing accommodation for the successful candidate. H. Dixon Clark, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Upper Street, N.1.

WANTED not later than January 1, 1952, Warden for twin Youth Clubs (separate premises) with some mixed activities on large housing estate, Bristol. Commencing salary £450 per annum, subject to review if national scales are established. Also part-time Assistant Leader (woman) for girls' activities in same clubs. Salary £100-£150 according to experience. Might suit married couple. Forms of application from Chairman, S.Y.C. Management Committee, 10 Great George Street, Bristol, 1, to be returned by Sept. 8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERESTING and responsible post for female Assistant with Hons. Degree in Physiology (Zoology considered). Department chiefly concerned with Clinical Electro-Encephalography, also EMG, ECG, etc., with opportunities for human research. Duties include supervision of recording and interpretation of records, etc., under medical staff. Salary according to A.Sc.W. Scale. Apply to the Secretary, The National Hospital, Queen Square, W.C.1.

WEST Sussex County Council. The Children's Committee will shortly be considering applications from qualified and suitable persons for posts on the staff of their new Reception Home for deprived children at Rustington, near Littlehampton, Sussex, where 19 boys and girls between 3 and 15 years of age will be received. Applications are invited for posts of: Superintendent, man, preferably holding Social Science Certificate and Diploma of Mental Health Course; Matron with good domestic and home nursing qualifications; two House Mothers, preferably holding Home Office Child Care Certificate. All should have particular interest in the purpose of a Reception Home, i.e., the welcome and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long-term plan of care is necessary. Salaries will be in accordance with the approved scales with, in the case of the senior post, an additional amount in respect of a psychiatric social work qualification. Letters, with short outline of experience, should be addressed to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, when requesting application forms.

LONDON, S.E.18. Applications invited from qualified persons resident in the London area for post of full-time Warden-Leader for mixed Youth Club and Centre for Youth. Salary according to qualifications. Unfurnished accommodation provided. Full particulars and copies of three recent testimonials to the Secretary, Youth Club Committee, 71 Rectory Place, S.E.18.

SECRETARIAL Assistant (female) wanted, for office of the Royal College of Physicians. Graduate preferred. Shorthand and typing essential. Experience of committee work an advantage. Salary: £400 per annum, or according to experience. Apply in writing to The Assistant Secretary, Royal College of Physicians, 12 Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

PIONEER club work. Experienced youth leaders (man and woman or married couple) required for new housing areas in Edinburgh. Salaries—man £400; woman £300; superannuation scheme. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, E.A.G.S.—E.U.B.C., Joint Development Committee, 12 Alva Street, Edinburgh, 2.

WANTED: Someone with a good science and/or maths. degree & some teaching exp., to establish a science department in small country boarding school with farm. Job would suit parent interested progressive education. Couple considered. John M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Wanted in September, Science Teacher for General Science mainly Biology. Apply in writing.

HOUSEPARENTS and Infant Teacher wanted for food reform school maladjusted children. Residential. Box 5059.

WANTED in September for progressive co-educational preparatory school specialising in children's readjustment, the following resident staff: (i) Trained Mistress (two subjects. (ii) Housemaster with some teaching experience. (iii) Second Matron for Boys' side. (iv) Cook-Housekeeper willing to teach cookery to small classes. A married couple combining these functions for Housemaster and any one of the other posts would be welcomed. Applicants should be genuinely interested in children and their difficulties. Apply: Principal, Bylands, Stratfield Turgis, nr. Basingstoke, Hants. Turgis Green 262.

CANADIAN Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, nr. Maidenhead. Shorthand-typist required for duty in the office of the Physician-in-Charge of the Special Unit for Juvenile Rheumatism. Knowledge of medical terminology desirable. Salary according to age on the National Health Service (General) Division Scale. Applications stating age and experience, together with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to the Administrative Officer.

COMPETENT Shorthand-typist, good education, wanted immediately. Salary according to age and experience. Apply to the Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, London, W.1.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted for well-known charitable organisation. Some knowledge of case-work desirable. Write Box 5117, c/o Charles Barker & Sons, Ltd., 31 Budge Row, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist required by national religious and educational society. Apply: C.C.J., 162a Strand, W.C.2.

EXECUTIVE Secretary required by Jewish Women's Organisation. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary to suitable applicant. Apply in writing giving full details of past experience to Box 5117.

RESEARCH Assistant wanted by writer on International problems. Good salary to someone with experience and real interest in work. Apply by letter to Box 5426.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL Assistant, Eng. or French, bachelor about 30, wanted by business man who owns high-class hotel and farming interests in Yorkshire. Must be adaptable and a gentleman. Starting £400 p.a., all found. G. A. B., 30 Manchester St., London, W.1.

SECRETARY to Business Manager of Design Research Unit. Good educ., speeds and exp. all essential. Age approx. 23/35. Apply in writing 37 Park St., W.1.

OPENING for yng. man liking arithmetic & foreign langs. City Insurance Brokers. Pension Scheme. Good prospects. Box 5183.

REQUIRED for Sample room and Showrooms of Coat and Suit, etc., House, capable young woman able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples and have stock-size figure. Bust 35, waist 25, hips 37. Height approx. 5ft 5in-5ft 7in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Excellent prospects of advancement offered. Reply in confidence to Box 5178, stating age and salary required and education standard achieved.

VACANCY in Costing Dept. of Shipping Co., previous experience not essential, but applicant must have mathematical mind. No age limit. Write stating age, salary required and experience if any. Box 5428.

WANTED for correspondence department of National newspaper, educated woman with good general knowledge of social questions—national insurance, housing, etc.—to answer readers' queries rapidly at dictation speed. Box 5455.

LITIGATION clerk required by London solicitor for conducting actions on behalf of injured workmen. Good opportunity for young socialist with intelligence and initiative. Box 5273.

WANTED: Mother's help for university couple with year-old daughter to take care of child and light housekeeping in informal small home central Manchester. Complete electrical equipment and heating. State salary required. Box 5311.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG couple seek joint post, preferably co-ed. progressive school. Husband experienced teaching geography, general subjects, sports; appreciate opportunity further study. Wife experienced matron. Box 5325.

SIX years' experience in documentary films; directing, script-writing and research, young woman (honours degree Sociology) requires job to use fully considerable creative talent and liking for hard, interesting work, in/around London. Box 5201.

CAMBRIDGE grad. (Econ.) sks. inting. intellectual work—journalism, library, etc., knowledge of languages, Russian/English translation. Suggestions welcd. Box 4918.

EXPD. translator and reader, English, French, Russian, Italian, sks. post with firm, pref. publishers/booksellers. Box 5278.

WANTED, position by middle-aged lady, personality, selling-exp., langs., reliable, responsible, willing to travel. Box 5280.

RESEARCH assistant wants work. Scientific terms understood. Mod. wages. Hrs. to suit client. D. James, 5 Gayton Crescent, N.W.3. HAM. 6340.

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701.

YOUNG lady (23), competent shorthand-typist, just successfully completed 2 years of a degree course in Social Science, sks. position with Social Service or cultural organisation, pref. N.W. England. Box 5081.

YOUNG lady, shorthand-typing, fluent French, qualified optician, seeks position where she can make use of one or more of these accomplishments. Box 5204.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

SOUND books on all aspects of Marriage and Family life. List free for s.a.e. from: National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St., W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Banday Street, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

"ELEGY For a Lost Submarine." By Ewart Milne. 8-p. brochure, 6d. Plow Pyewell, Creeksea Hall, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex.

"DRAMA." Autumn issue now ready. Articles by Rosamund Gilder, Ashley Dukes, J. W. Lambert, etc. Price 1s. 6d. (postage 2d.), from 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHILTERNS. Princes Risborough 1 mile. Well-built house, lovely views, 2 rec., 5 bed., 2 bath., garage, good garden. Immediate possession. £4,950. Box 5291.

DEVON. Rockvale Cove, near Dartmouth. Unique small property of 3 acres off beaten track, only ten minutes Village centre and Bus stop. Timber Bungalow with lounge, 2 bedrooms, scullery. Water laid on. Verandah facing Channel. Well-timbered terraced grounds, private cove. Waterfall, exclusive Coast line. Freehold. Possession. £2,450 or near. Letcher & Scorer, Dartmouth.

PERSONAL

WELL-established Progressive Froebel School for sale owing death of Principal, Berkshire. Write Boat House, Dorney Reach, Taplow. Tel. Maidenhead 152.

ITALIAN graduate wishes to teach Italian Aug. 18 to Oct. 8 in return for board and lodging; replies to B. Bernardini, Mason Croft, Church St., Stratford-on-Avon.

YOUNG woman, personable, capable but not oppressive, fond of children, first-class shorthand secretary, good musician, intelligent but not offensively so, seeks job overseas, temporary or permanent. Box 5168.

PREP. school maths. master, 26, O.W., free now until mid-Sept., tks. residential or expense-providing vacation post. Box 5421.

EDUCATION and playtherapy for young backward children by lady with special training. For consultations write Box 5245.

CAPABLE secretary with varied experience available for part-time shorthand-typing. Evenings, week-ends considered. Own portable. Moderate terms. Box 5241.

FIRE. Would any intelligent person care to help in varied work during coming autumn and winter—most interesting small but growing international business carried on in glorious mountain and woodland scenery in Co. Wicklow, 25 miles S. of Dublin? Full keep, lashings of food, cheap drink and cigarettes and good company guaranteed, but only moderate pay. Left-wing family household with children; libraries of 3,000 classical gramophone records and of books in five European languages. The sooner you can come, the better. Box 5186.

INDIAN student returning India via Southern Europe, Middle East, invites another (any nationality) to join for whole/part way. Travelling cheap. Box 5329.

HAS anyone piano, gd. con., cheap for music lover? Limited capital. Box 5427.

FOR Festival visitors. Wooden chalet in beautiful garden, tennis court. Sleep 3. ½ hr. Baker St. 2 gns. week. From Sept. 2. Box 5235.

LARGE bed-sitting room, full board, pocket money in return part-time light domestic duties. Box 5323.

ACCOMMODATION in return for help: two furn. rooms in Totteridge, small modern house, in return for some housework and help with two children at school all day. Suit couple or mother & child. Box 5417.

FRENCH girl would take care of children English family, au pair from Oct. 1. Write Box 5441.

SWEDISH male student, 22, wishes to help in London family one year for board, lodging and (gratefully) pocket-money, while studying at the Univ. College. Answer to Ambitious Journalist: Box 5171.

LECTURE Hall seating 40 to 70 required in Central London, preferably with light refreshment facilities. Box 5132.

PROFESSIONAL man, fortyish, seeks similar as companion holidays. Box 5250.

LABOUR League of Youth Branch can be formed, revived, helped anywhere young couple obtain unf. accom., Lond. Box 5210.

HENRYK Gotlib, at The Grange, South Godstone, Surrey (two studios), can take a few residential pupils. Write particulars.

ART.—Take up Sketching and Painting. It's the most worthwhile hobby, with possibilities of adding a second string to your bow. Over 4,000 pupils' pictures in "Punch" alone—and in Royal Academy and leading Exhibitions. It's easy and inexpensive. The Beginner's Course is a sheer joy. Write for free ill'd. prospectus. Press Art School, Ltd. (Dept. NS.M1), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23.

HALLIDAY Hall for conferences, parties, overseas visitors. 20 mins. Central London. 3 common rooms, conference hall, garden. Accommodates 110 in double and single rooms, private bathrooms and telephones. 15s. bed and breakfast; 18s. dinner, bed and breakfast. Enquiries to the Warden, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulon cards, 6s. 6d., Florestan Co., 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Oscar Källerström, 10 York Gate, London, N.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

A LAST-Minute Continental holiday can be organised for the masses, but individually for you! 10 days in France—£15 16s.; Italy—£23 10s.; Switzerland £30 1s. 6d. More expensive holidays also arranged in any country. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHitehall 4114/5.

PERSONAL—*continued*

"THE Political Quarterly"—special Nationalised Industries number—the publishers will gladly buy back copies of this issue. Offers to 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY exchange: Geneva house, all conveniences, 3 bedrooms, garden, available September, exchange for accommodation London or nearby, suitable for couple, 2 small children. No nursery need change hands. A. Ruderman, 17 Chemin des Tuileries, Geneva.

ESCAPE the rain and the cold and fly to Corsica for a golden holiday on the sunny Mediterranean, where September is still the height of summer. The Anglo-French Camp de l'Horizon on the Bay of Calvi has a few vacancies for the fortnights commencing September 7 and 14. £35 10s. for return air journey and fortnight's full board and lodging. Apply: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7163/4.

LAST minute holidays? You are still in time to join an International House Party for weekends or longer periods nr. Windsor or in Somerset by the sea, or to spend an Autumn holiday with a party of professional people in the South of France, Italian Riviera or Austrian Tyrol. Details: Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

CRUISING on Canals. 4-6-berth cruiser, Sept. 15-29. £40. Choice of 4 routes with R. Severn and R. Trent. Lovely scenery; gas fires. October, 2-6-berth cruisers, a perfect Autumn holiday. Canal Cruising Co., Stone, Staffs.

RUSSIAN, German, French, by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Tichfield St., W.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

MONTHLY Salaries Loans. Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

AUTUMN Holidays in the Sun.—Alassio, Finale Marina, Cap d'Antibes (Riviera); Makarska (Garda), San Felin (Spain); Lucerne & many others. All £34 for 15 days incl. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. Chan. 6436/7.

P.S. Altitude, spirits, life and jinks will be high! But costs will be low!!

P.P.S. If you are a student, or an ex-student of recent vintage, get on Harold Ingham's mailing list for Ski-parties in Switzerland. Write away right away to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

EXMOOR, Dunkery Beacon, the Quantocks, all within easy reach. Minehead, charming Somerset holiday centre. Beaconswood Hotel, situated North Hill overlooking Bay, offers satisfying meatless meals, tasty savouries, ample salads, plentiful fruit. Large gardens. H. and c.; gas fires and rings. 5½-6 gns. May-Oct.; 4½-5 gns. Nov.-April. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Tyrwhitt, resident proprietors.

OLD Plow Hatch, nr. East Grinstead. Here is a Hostel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable, and the food is excellent. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Pennine valley. From 8gns. Ivens, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

ISLE of Wight. Farringford is Perfect in Autumn—lovely gardens; the mellow country home hostel for a restful holiday in the lovely Isle of Wight. Licensed, A.A. & R.A.C. apptd. Details from Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. Phone 312.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 14 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

LONDON. "West Court," Earls Court, S.W.5. Quiet, comfortable, min. Tube (9 min. run Piccadilly, etc.). FRObisher 6492.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

HASTINGS 4971. The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Continental atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for groups.

RETREAT. Enchanting riverside cottage: bed and breakfast 15s. 6d. 1 hr. Piddington. Boat, fish and swim. Lewis, Rosemary Cottage, Wargrave, Berks. WAR. 245.

HASTINGS, Corner House, Wellington Square. Tel. 4020. Comfort, good food, hot & cold all rooms. Bed & breakfast & evening dinner 3½gns. Central, few mins. sea.

OLD Pump Cottage, Shaftesbury. Thatched, simple, centre tours, lovely walks, good cooking. 5-5½gns. Hostess, Miss English.

LAKES. Charming old mansion. Beaut. view. 40 acres grds. Mod. furn. Mod. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside. Tel. 334.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free, with Supplement, 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BRONTE Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. Moorland walking with literary interest. Good Yorkshire fare. Hot and cold water. Spring beds. Comfort.

EDINBURGH. B. & B. All rooms H. & C. Sept. only. 16 Rothesay Pl. CEN. 4871.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Surf-bathing Polzeath until November. Golf St. Enodoc. Port Isaac 234.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

WESTERN Lake District. Irton Hall Hotel, licensed, Holmrook, Cumberland. Mountains, sea, home produce; H. & C.; billiards; table tennis. Children welc. Holmbrook 42.

PENSION Thelia. Pleasant garden. Near Pantheon. Room and board less than £1. Rue de Cardinal Lemoine 75, Paris 5e.

HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kenilal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Winter terms 3½-5gns. Summer terms 5-7gns. Phone Hastings 5110.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, good lake. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

FOR the country-lover—Herts-Essex border, 27 mls. London. Good food, roomy rms., mod. house, large gdn., delightful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

AUTUMN Holidays. Informal country house in Pembrokeshire, 200ft. above estuary, facing south. Bus to gates. Full board; H. & C., central heating, log fires. Own produce. Children welcome. Books, music and games room. Flats furnished cottage free October. Sleep 5-6. All mains services. Murley Grange, Bishopstington.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lugger Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Few vacancies September. Terms 5½gns. Write for Brochure. Tel. 291.

PRIVATE car to West Country and holiday in country house. Anywhere within 150-mile radius. One wk. 8gns., 2 wks. 13gns. Cossington House, nr. Bridgwater, Somerset.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in beautiful remote situation above colourful mountain valley. Modern comfort. Continental cooking. From 6gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Vacancies Sept. Tel. Dolw. 220.

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BURCOT, Oxon. Croft House Hotel. Two double rooms vacant autumn and winter or permanent. Central heating. Spring interior beds. Faces south. Grounds 4½ acres.

BARBOTAN (Gers), Southern France. The Centre for leg ailments—phlebitic, varicose, rheumatic, cellulitic, etc. Spa Offices Tel. 4. Hotel des Thermes Tel 9. Superb cuisine.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—*continued*

HOLIDAY centre for the Trossachs. Brook Linn, Callander, Perthshire. Vegetarian Guest House. From 6½gns. Special terms for families. Tel. Callander 103.

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation; beautiful country and coastal scenery. Good table, home produce. Terms 5gns., special terms for family party. Vacancies from August 25. Tel.: Pendine 226, Llethr, Pendine, Carmarthenshire.

STEANBRIDGE, quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley, welcomes people of all nationalities. Unspoilt country. Large garden; home-grown produce; garage. Breakfast in bed (optional). Pinks, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2312.

BOURNEMOUTH. Whitehall Hotel. A.A., R.A.C. Overlooking Pier Gardens. 57 Bed., H. & C. Phones. Lift. Summer terms from 9 to 11gns. Res. Director: N. S. Clousy. Tel. Bournemouth 7155.

BABBACOMBE, Torquay (84072). Spend September at Foxlands Hotel—good food, plentiful, varied, beautifully cooked. 43 rooms. Licensed. Golf, tennis near. 8½-10 gns. Brochure free.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —35 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 7-8gns. wkly., 8gns. Winter, inclusive. Tel. 1944.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel, for the loveliness of early Autumn. A.A. recommended. Immediately above sea, in 3 acres grounds. Modern comfort; excellent "home cooking." Tel. 316.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

THE Ox on the Roof, King's Rd., Chelsea, will be closed from August 18 until September 11, 1951.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. Nursery 3grs. to K.G. 15grs., Junior and Senior School 18grs.

KENSINGTON. Froebel Nursery School for children of prof. parents, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. 2½ to 9 yrs. Froebel teachers, catering by qualified dietitian. French and Dancing. Car collection. Weekly boarders accepted. Redcliffe Nursery School, 47 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10. Fla. 6489.

LONG Dene, Cuddingstone, Edenbridge, Kent. Co-educational, 5 to 18. A group of 150 children and adults, creatively concerned with education, agriculture and the arts. Organic 200-acre farm. T.T. herd. Directors: F. C. Guinness, B.A., Karin Guinness (Dalcroze) R. G. Job, B. Sc.

ODAM Hill School: a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., boarding.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. Boarding School for Girls 9-13, and small boys. Farm produce. There are a few vacancies for next term. Apply Principal.

ST. CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth. Co-education to 18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. Applications for vacancies 1951 onwards to Mrs. Lyn Harris, M.A., LL.B.; Mrs. Lyn J. Harris, M.A.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School, Day School: 38, 40, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stamford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding. H. & E. Pratt, Ph.D.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Bursaries are available for boys and girls aged 10 or under, for the Autumn term 1951. For particulars apply to the Principal.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities; self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss E. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Economist," 1947-49, good condition, offers; Brand-new portable Typewriter, Elite type, £22; Russian Linguaphone, complete, as new, £12; Ultra Portable 1950; Oliver Portable Typewriter 1950; Lawrie Climbing Boots, Riding Boots, tents; Horsechowdal Ice Axe; Lady's Silver 15 jewel Wristwatch, offers. Typewriter, standard 4-bank; Siamese Kittens, reasonable.

WANTED: July, 1950 "World Review"; Works by Maurice Baring (1874-1945); Exeter Book Facsimile and other books of Anglo-Saxon and old Norse interest; Various Odhelbs; Spanish Linguaphone; Russian Linguaphone; Typewriter, urgent, must be good model.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading, 2s. first word, 1½d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

"Smalls"

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Unfortunately the paper situation compels us to limit the space available for "smalls" and more often than not there is a waiting list. Advertisers can help themselves and help us by booking their spaces well in advance, thereby ensuring the appearance of their advertisements with the minimum of delay.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334) now re-open. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0 Sat. & Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. "Right Side Up." Membership 5s. yrly.

UNITY. GER. 5391. **Last two weeks of** "The Cradle Will Rock." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Members only.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Aug. 19, 7.30, "Crime et Châtiment" (A) (French).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assocn. Concert Rumanian, English & Soviet music. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tues., Aug. 28, 7.30. Aleph String Quartet. L. Cassini, Piano, Ed. Howitt, Clarinet. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., B.R.F.A., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

RELIGIOUS DRAMA

CHRISTOPHER Fry's "A Sleep of Prisoners," St. Thomas' Church, Regent St. Evgs. 8.30. Tues., Sats., 6.15 & 8.30. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Bkg. Church REG. 1223 or agencies.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints complete range on show 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner Lincoln's Inn Fields).

THE Tate Gallery. Theatrical Pictures from the Garrick Club. Until Sept. 9. Weekdays 10-6. Sun. 2-6. Licensed Restaurant.

TRADITIONAL Art from the Colonies. A Colonial Office Festival Exhibition. Imperial Institute, South Kensington. Weekdays 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2.30 p.m. to 6 p.m. Until September 30. Admission free.

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Growth & Form." Daily 10-6. Sat. inc.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Maurice Utrillo—20 Paintings. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31, 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery: Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Open daily, including Sundays, 10-7

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Also flower paintings by Honor Sterndale-Bennett. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 20 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec. Prints and Posters from the Charell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Sept. 4. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LYONS Lithographs. Exhibition of the Second Series with original designs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until September 1. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. free.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6a Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 daily.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Pottery by Gwilym Thomas, till Aug. 31, Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Paper Sculpture by F. Matyjaszkiewicz.

SICKERT Exhibition, South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

T. S. HAILE: Memorial Exhibition at The Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, W.1. Aug. 20 to Sept. 14. Adm. free. Monday to Friday 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Darland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

LUNCH Hour Talks. Caxton Hall, S.W. Tues., at 1 p.m., Aug. 21: Yoga and the Spiritual Law. 28: Yoga and Christianity.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RONALD Duncan reading his own work Saturday, August 18, at 3 p.m. Edmund Blunden on "Writers on Cricket," Thursday, August 23, at 6.15 p.m. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

"JAPANESE Peace Treaty"; spkr. Norman MacKenzie. Public mtg. Queen's Hall, Town Hall, Ealing, Wed., Aug. 22, 8 p.m. Ealing Peace with China Cttee. Free.

"PERSIA'S Unrecognised Revolution" by Andrew Roth, Mon., Aug. 20, 7.30, at Asian Inst., 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., 2s.

HAMPSTEAD Peace with China Council. Protest Mtg. Japanese Peace Treaty. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Aug. 27, 7.30. Spkrs.: John Freeman, M.P., Norman MacKenzie.

AN Architect in the U.S.S.R.—1951. Mr. F. W. B. Charles speaks Thurs., Aug. 23, 6.45. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. August 19: Dreams.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. August 25, at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jan Rossi: Chansons folkloriques accompagnées à la guitare.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. August 21: "Mind in Waking State—Knowing." All welcome.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WORLD Congress of Faiths fellow gathering, Manchester College, Oxford, Sept. 14-17. Theme:—Religion & Contemporary Life. Lecturers include Dr. R. F. Rattray, Canon Grensted, G. W. Tyrrell, Prof. Keller, Rabbi Mattuck &c. Details: W. C. F., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1.

"MYTHS, Dreams, and the Sources of Vision." 5-day course at Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts., from Sept. 10-15. Lecturers: Miss Kathleen Raine, Mrs. Christina Hole, Fr. Victor White, O.P. Inclusive fee £4 5s. Applic. forms from The Warden.

THE Theory of Multimental Organism. Week-end lects. by J. N. Glaister, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon.

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent St., W.1. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce. Students may prepare for any of the following: 1. Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Company Secretarial Work, Importing, and Sales Management. 2. Preliminary and Inter. B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond. 3. Final B.Com. and Final B.Sc.(Econ.), Lond. 4. Diploma in Public Administration, Lond. 5. University Extension Diploma in Economics. 6. Local Government Clerical and Administrative Examinations. 7. Royal Statistical Society & Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations. Session 1951-2 commences on Monday, September 24. New students will be enrolled between 10 a.m. and 8 p.m. on September 17. (Former students Sept. 11 & 12, 5-7.30 p.m.). Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the undersigned. J. C. Jones, Director of Education.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evgs. 7 to 9. Begins September 17. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Special three weeks' Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 3-21. Classes Monday to Friday, 6.30-8. For Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee 2gns. For particulars apply to Secretary. Tel.: HOL. 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins Oct. 1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive course, September, October. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

ADMINISTRATIVE and secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising. Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. New Course starts September 5. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1. MAYfair 6626, provides Training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New Courses commence Sept. and Oct.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ISOBEL Cripps Centre. Ten-day Introductory Courses for School Teachers on "Reducing Excessive Tension by Re-educating Posture and Movement" will be held from Aug. 27th. Fee £5 5s. Particulars, 18 Lansdowne Rd., London, W.11. Park 7221.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, W.11. Evening Stage Training Classes — Stanislavsky Method — including membership professional production group. Apply: Sec., 26 Groom Place, S.W.1.

HIGHLAND Dancing (men) and Scottish Country (mixed) classes. Write John Armstrong, Dinely Studio, W.1.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley Summer Schools in Pottery, Weaving and other Crafts until September 1.

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DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

FULLY-furnished double rooms with own bathroom, kitchen, telephone; lift, cleaning service, garage. Abbey Hall. 24 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. WEStern 3611.

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ONE or two large bed-sit. rooms with kitchen, partly furn. by arrangement with tenants, use of bathrm.; would suit students. Brondesbury Park. WILlesden 3869.

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YOUNG business woman shortly acquiring self-contained unfurnished flat near Hampstead, wishes someone to share. Rent 35s. per week approximately. Box 5175.

BAYSWATER, secluded & overlkg. gdns. in newly built hse. Delightful flatlet. Built-in wardrobes. H. & c., &c. Furn. for prof. person. Everything new. 3½gns. Box 5330.

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ACCOMMODATION—continued

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TO let, furn./part-furn., two rms., use kit., scullery & bathr.-wc.; suit married couple/2 friends sharing. Putney. Box 5294.

COTTAGE to let. Writer unexpectedly going abroad; rent reduction for 6 months in advance. Lewis, Rosemary Cottage, Wargrave, Berks. WAR. 245.

THREE-roomed cottage, furnished or lease. Bath, lav., lamps. Surrey, Waterloo 1½ hrs. Isolated. Box 5408.

TO let, furn. cottage N. Wales mountains, end August to Easter. Sleep 3. No mod. conv. £1 weekly. Box 5374.

FURN. Cottage, 6 rms., h. & c., mod. con., elec., in Suss. village nr. East Grinstead, London train, freq. buses; shops; superb cntry. From Oct. to Mar. 4½gns. p.w. Suit writer/fam. on leave. Box 5489.

FURNISHED Regency Cottage to let October-Easter. Four rooms and kitchen-bathroom. Gas-cooker, Ascot Multi-point. All mains services. 3 miles Teignmouth, 200ft. above estuary. Bus passes door. Write Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

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HAMPSTEAD. Very pleasant house and gdn., rebuilt 1949 (4 bedrms.), exchange mod. flat for 2. City/Kensington. Box 5125.

STUDENT Christian Movement married couple working overseas on furlough, require smallish flat Bloomsbury area, where open house can be kept and hospitality given. Write Hargis, 103 Gower St., W.C.1.

YNG. N.Z. couple with child req. cheap flat London from early Nov. Box 5385.

BACHELOR seeks furn. room, cooking facil., near Fleet St. or Bloomsbury-Soho. Can be austere. Box 5387.

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YOUNG S.A. Student couple require small self-contained flat, London beg. or mid-October for 6 months. Rent about £5 per week. Box 5366.

REQD. urgently for 2 reliable tenants, s.c. unf. flat 3/4 rooms, k. & b., or small s.c. unf. studio flat. Mod. rent. St. J. Wood/Swiss Cottage district. Box 5470.

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MISCELLANEOUS

SHAW Society; educative, entertaining. Sec., 45 Steep/estone Close, N.18.

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BOYS' and Girls' Cellular Cotton Shirts (short sleeves), Yellow, Blue, Grey, Beige. Chest 22 to 32in. 2 for 7s., post free. Money refunded. W.E.S. (Dept. N.S.), 14, Ogle St., London, W.1.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 190 and 191

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